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HAUNTED HORROR™

#7
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"THE BEST IN CLASSIC HORROR COMICS."
—LONNIE NADLER, BLOODY DISGUSTING

MR. KARSWELL

GRISLY GREETINGS, HORROR FREAKS! LIGHT SOME CANDLES AND GATHER 'ROUND THE OPEN GRAVE FOR ANOTHER CLAW-FULL OF AWFUL, DREAD-FILLED DELIGHTS! I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT EVEN I, MR. KARSWELL, FOUND IT HARD TO KEEP MY MIDNIGHT SNACK DOWN AFTER THUMBING THROUGH THE GHASTLY, GRUELING TERROR TALES CHOSEN FOR THIS ICKY ISSUE!! HAHA! JUST CHOKING! NOW--OPEN WIDE AND SAY "AIEEEEEE!!!"
ARTEFF 9/12

Art by
Art Fuentes

Look for another spine-tingling issue of *Haunted Horror* in two months!

If you collect horror comics and other Golden Age fare, we're always looking for scans for use in our books and comics. Please contact Craig Yoe through Facebook.

Editors: Steve Banes, Clizia Gussoni, and Craig Yoe.
Contributing Editors: Mike Howlett and Toxic Tommy O'Brien.

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On the cover, *Tomb of Terror #15*, May 1954. Artist: Lee Elias. Publisher: Harvey.

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WHAT IS MORE HARMLESS THAN A BIRD? YET THE MOST TIMID CREATURE CAN BE STIRRED TO VENGEANCE. FOR WHEN A MAN COMMITS MURDER, HE CAN EXPECT NO MERCY! EVEN THE BIRDS FLY TO HIM ON...
WINGS of DEATH!
I-I THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE BIRDS! THEY'VE COME FOR THEIR VENGEANCE!
FRANK GIACOIA
HIGH IN THE ROCKIES, WARREN AMES, THE NOTED HUNTER, BAGS A PRIZE... A RARE WHITE EAGLE...
IT IS FORBIDDEN TO KILL THE SNOW EAGLE!
I GOT HIM!
YOU HAVE KILLED KING OF THE BIRDS! HIS SUBJECTS WILL AVENGE HIM!
FOOL! YOU ALMOST SPOILED MY AIM! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO GUIDE ME-- NOT TALK!

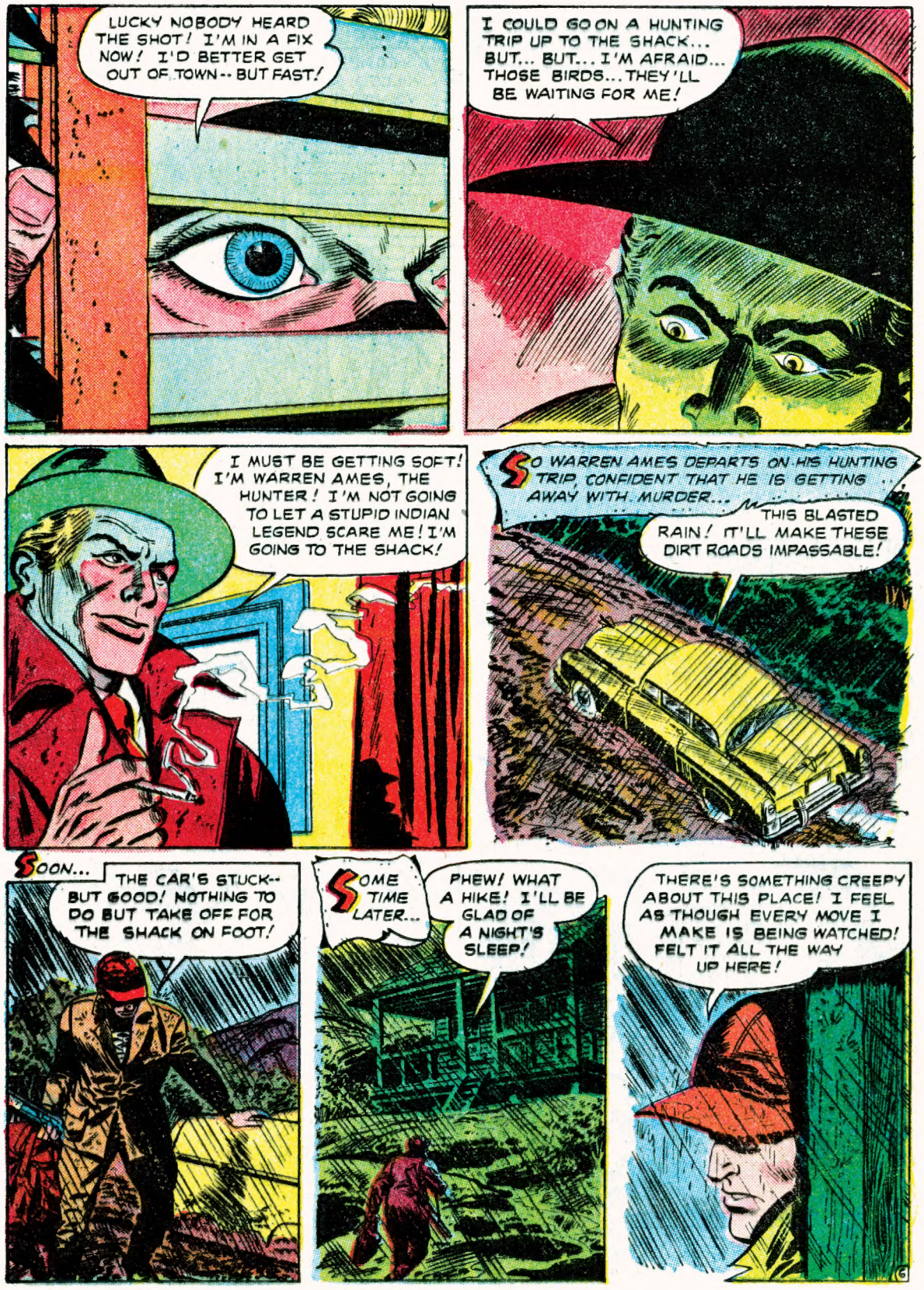
Amazing Ghost Stories #15, December 1954. Artist: Frank Giacoia. Publisher: St. John.

THIS IS A PRIZE! A WHITE EAGLE! IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR ME!
NO! IT IS AN EVIL DAY! LOOK!! ALREADY THE BIRDS GATHER!
ON THE NEXT MOMENT, THE TREES ARE FILLED WITH BIRDS... AND THE FOREST ECHOES WITH THEIR RAUCOUS CALLS...
WHERE DID THEY ALL COME FROM? WHAT DO THEY WANT?
THEY COME TO MOURN THEIR KING! THEY CRY VENGEANCE! ONE DAY-- THE BIRDS WILL TAKE YOUR LIFE IN REVENGE FOR HIS!
CAW!
YEE!
YEE!
CAW!
YOU--YOU CAN'T SCARE ME! IT'S CRAZY! THEY'RE ONLY BIRDS!
I CAN SEE THE FEAR IN YOUR EYES! WHAT I SAY IS SO! THE BIRDS WILL NOT FORGET! IF YOU EVER RETURN--THEY WILL KILL YOU!
I- I'M NEVER COMING HERE AGAIN! COME ON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
MONTHS LATER, AT A PARTY IN WARREN AMES' HOME--HE SHOWS THE GUESTS HIS TROPHIES...
BEFORE YOU LEAVE, I WANT YOU TO SEE MY PRIZE TROPHY-- THE WHITE EAGLE! VERY RARE!
MAGNIFICENT! THE KING OF THE BIRDS! THERE'S A LEGEND THAT HIS SUBJECTS ALWAYS AVENGE HIS KILLING! DON'T LET THE BIRDS GET YOU, WARREN!
THAT'S NO JOKE! EVERY TIME I THINK OF THOSE BIRDS STARING AT ME, I SHUDDER! BUT AS LONG AS I STAY AWAY FROM MY HUNTING SHACK, I'M ALL RIGHT!
AFTER THE OTHER GUESTS LEAVE...
STILL HERE, JOE? IT'S GETTING LATE!
YOU BET IT'S GETTIN' LATE, AMES! I WANT THE FIVE GRAND YOU OWE ME! YOU SHOULDA STUCK TO HUNTIN' BIRDS! YOU DID BETTER WITH THEM THAN PLAYIN' THE HORSES!

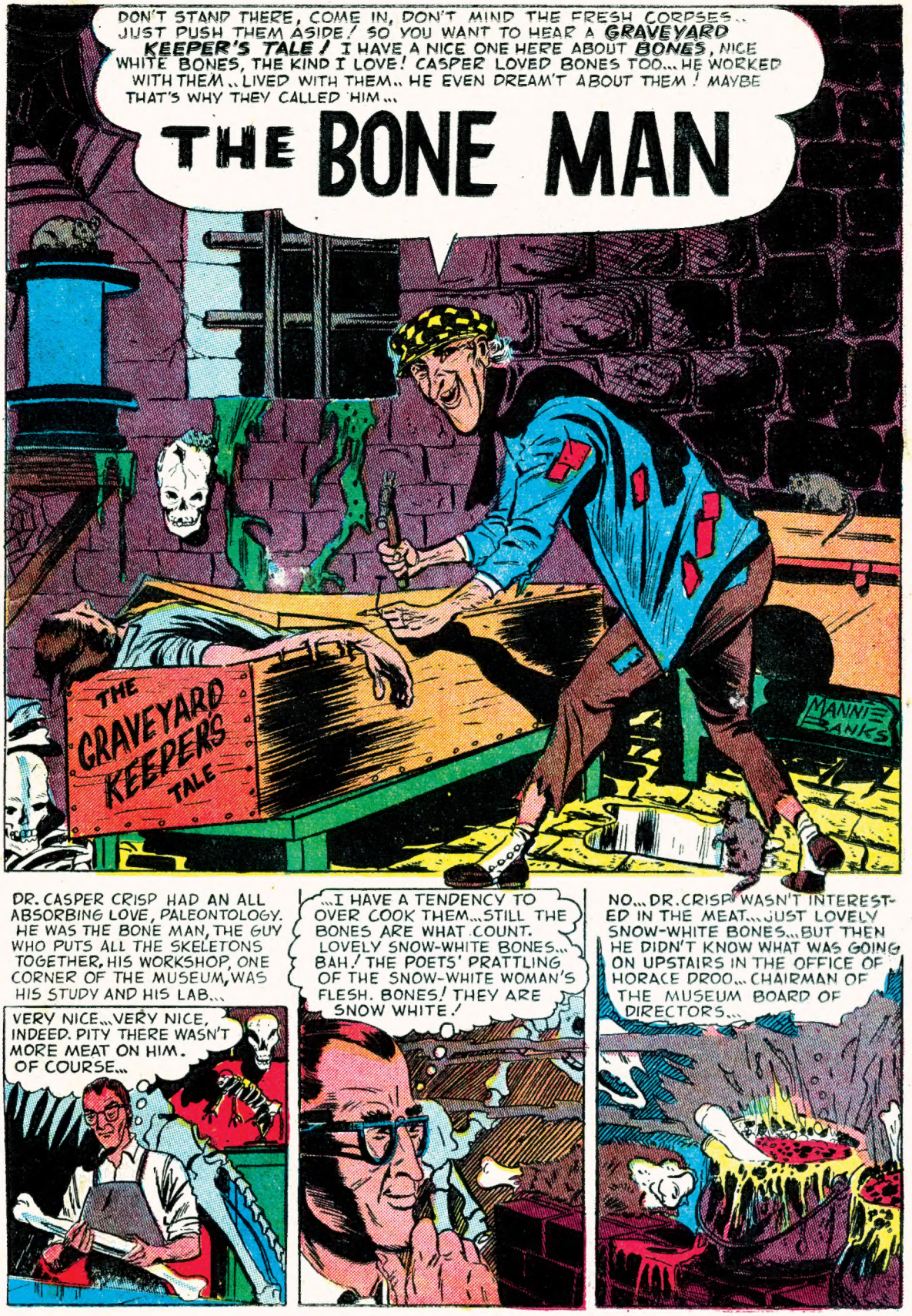
JOE, GIVE ME A BREAK! MY LUCK'S BEEN BAD-- BUT IT'LL TURN AND...
I'M A BOOKIE, AMES! I'VE GIVEN YOU ENOUGH BREAKS! I GIVE YOU JUST SEVENTY-TWO HOURS TO GET ME THAT DOUGH--OR ELSE!
AN' THIS'LL SHOW YOU I AIN'T KIDDIN'! SEVENTY-TWO HOURS! REMEMBER!
ALL RIGHT, JOE! I'LL-- I'LL GET THE MONEY!
AFTER THE GAMBLER LEAVES..
HE MEANS IT! HE'LL KILL ME! WHERE CAN I RAISE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS? I COULD RUN AWAY... BUT HE'D FIND ME!... WHERE CAN I GET THAT MONEY?
GLORIA! SHE'S STILL CRAZY ABOUT ME, AND SHE'S RICH! I'LL CALL HER!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN GLORIA KANE'S LUXURIOUS APARTMENT...
WHY, WARREN! THIS IS A SURPRISE! YOU WANT TO SEE ME? BUT, OF COURSE, DARLING! COME RIGHT OVER!
I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR THIS! SO HE'S COMING TO ME! I KNOW HE OWES JOE ARNOLD MONEY! I'LL MAKE HIM SQUIRM!
SOON...
... AND THAT'S HOW IT IS, GLORIA! PLEASE HELP ME!
SO YOU NEED ME NOW, WARREN? FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! YOU EXPECT ME TO FORGET THE WAY YOU JILTED ME?
3

GLORIA, I'M SORRY-- AND I DO NEED YOU! ARNOLD'LL KILL ME IF I DON'T RAISE THE MONEY!
YES, HE WOULDN'T THINK TWICE ABOUT IT, EITHER!
THIS RING COULD WIPE OUT YOUR DEBT, WARREN! IT WOULD BE SO EASY TO HELP YOU! MAYBE I WILL-- AND MAYBE I WON'T!
DON'T TAUNT ME, GLORIA! PLEASE-- PLEASE HELP ME!
YOU'D LIKE THIS RING, WOULDN'T YOU? BEG, WARREN-- BEG! MAYBE I'LL LISTEN TO YOU!
BE CAREFUL, GLORIA! I CAN'T TAKE THIS FROM YOU-- I WON'T!
CRACK!
GLORIA! I DIDN'T MEAN IT! S-SHE'S DEAD! DEAD!
NOBODY SAW ME COME HERE! I'LL KEEP THE RING... MESS UP THE WHOLE PLACE... MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A ROBBERY!
IN A FEW MINUTES...
THIS RING! THAT'S ALL I'M TAKING, GLORIA! I'M NOT A THIEF! YOU KNOW YOU WERE GOING TO GIVE IT TO ME, ANYWAY!

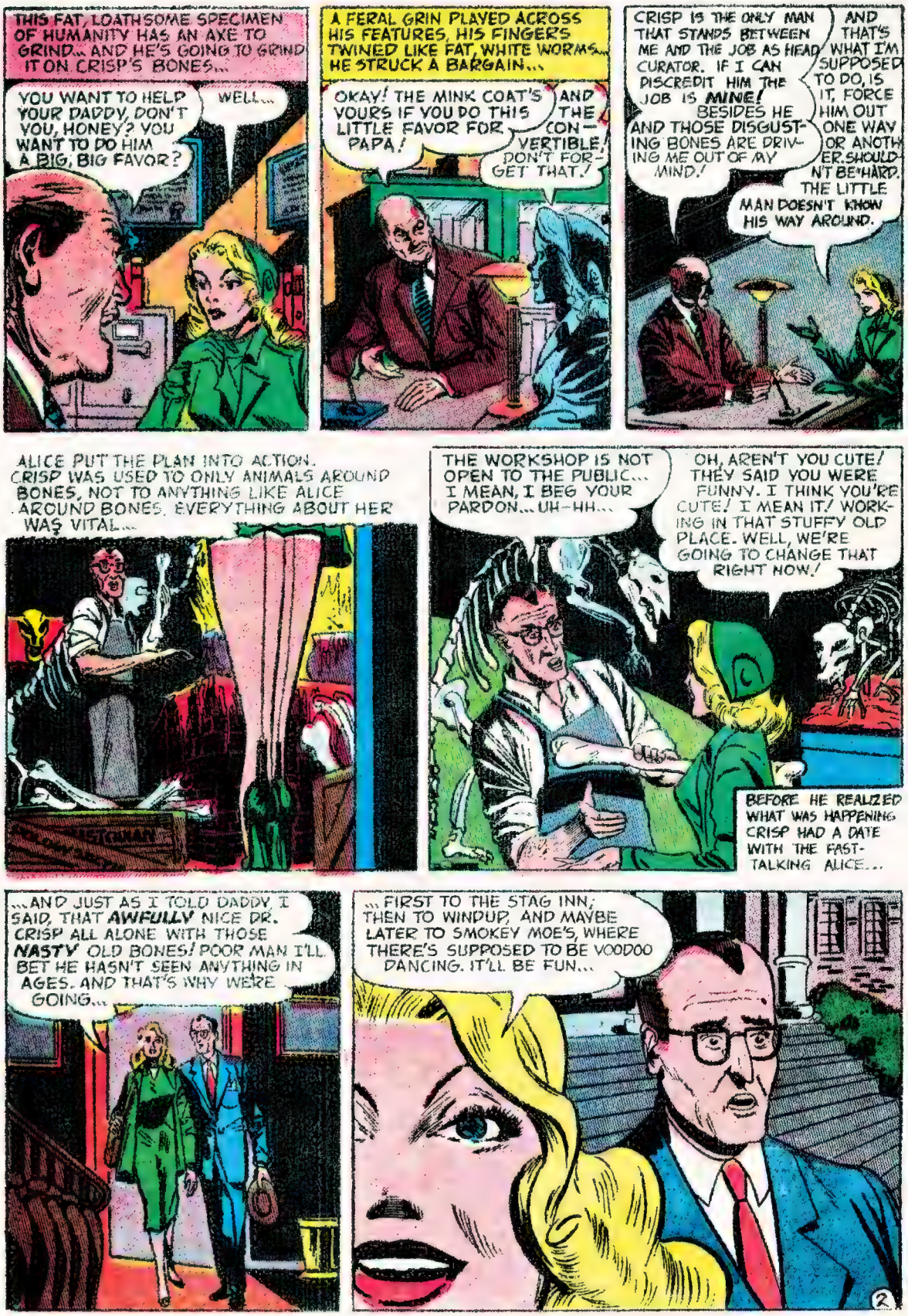
LEAVING THROUGH A SERVICE ENTRANCE, WARREN REACHES THE STREET, AND...
I STILL DON'T HAVE THE DOUGH FOR ARNOLD! BUT MAYBE I CAN MAKE A DEAL WITH HIM! THIS RING IS WORTH FIVE GRAND! I'LL SEE HIM TOMORROW!
THE NEXT DAY, AT JOE ARNOLD'S PLACE...
SOMEBODY KILLED GLORIA! YOU KNOW I WENT FOR HER, AMES!
I DID TOO--ONCE! IT'S TOO BAD SHE'S DEAD! BUT I DIDN'T COME TO TALK ABOUT HER!
THAT'S RIGHT! A LITTLE MATTER OF FIVE THOUSAND-- YOU GOT IT?
NOT IN CASH! BUT SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD!
THIS RING--IT'S WORTH FIVE GRAND ...WHAT'S WRONG? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY?
I KNOW WHERE YOU GOT THAT RING! I GAVE IT TO GLORIA FOR A BIRTHDAY PRESENT! YOU KILLED HER!
I LOVED HER! YOU'LL PAY FOR IT! I'M CALLING THE COPS!
JOE-- NO!!
AHHHH!!
BLAM!
I GUESS YOU CAN MARK MY ACCOUNT PAID IN FULL, JOE!


LUCKY NOBODY HEARD THE SHOT! I'M IN A FIX NOW! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF TOWN -- BUT FAST!
I COULD GO ON A HUNTING TRIP UP TO THE SHACK... BUT... BUT... I'M AFRAID... THOSE BIRDS... THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR ME!
I MUST BE GETTING SOFT! I'M WARREN AMES, THE HUNTER! I'M NOT GOING TO LET A STUPID INDIAN LEGEND SCARE ME! I'M GOING TO THE SHACK!
SO WARREN AMES DEPARTS ON HIS HUNTING TRIP, CONFIDENT THAT HE IS GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER...
THIS BLASTED RAIN! IT'LL MAKE THESE DIRT ROADS IMPASSABLE!
SOON...
THE CAR'S STUCK-- BUT GOOD! NOTHING TO DO BUT TAKE OFF FOR THE SHACK ON FOOT!
SOME TIME LATER...
PHEW! WHAT A HIKE! I'LL BE GLAD OF A NIGHT'S SLEEP!
THERE'S SOMETHING CREEPY ABOUT THIS PLACE! I FEEL AS THOUGH EVERY MOVE I MAKE IS BEING WATCHED! FELT IT ALL THE WAY UP HERE!
6

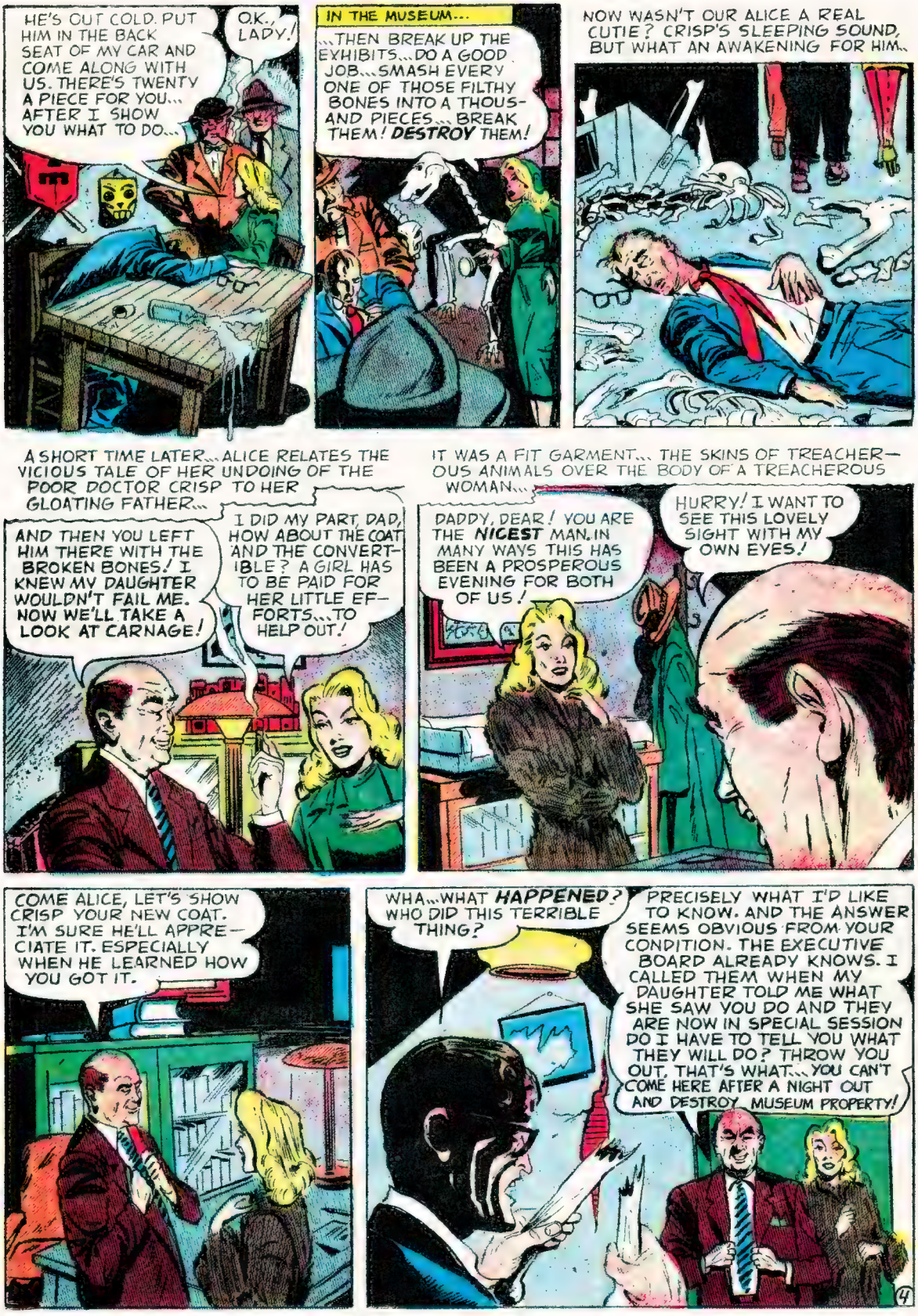
THE NEXT EVENING...
IT LOOKS BETTER IN THE SUNSHINE! I'LL MAKE SOME COFFEE AND THEN GO DIG THE CAR OUT!
WHAT A ROCK! IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS I'LL SELL IT FOR FIVE GRAND! EVERYTHING WORKED OUT FINE! IF YOU'RE SMART--YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING--EVEN MURDER!
WHAT'S THAT? OH--A SPARROW! I'M GETTING JUMPY! THAT CRAZY INDIAN'S TALK ABOUT THE BIRDS...IT'S JUST SUPERSTITION!
SUDDENLY...
ALL THESE BIRDS! I DIDN'T HEAR THEM! WHY ARE THEY WATCHING ME? NO! NO! LET ME ALONE!
THEN, AS IF AT A SIGNAL, THE BIRDS CLOSE IN...
HELP!! HELP!!
FOR A FEW MOMENTS, HE STRUGGLES WILDLY...AND THEN...
THE WINGS OF DEATH FLUTTER AWAY. HIS LAST SCREAM OF TERROR DIES, AND WARREN AMES HAS PAID THE PENALTY FOR A DOUBLE MURDER, AND THE BIRDS HAVE AVENGED THEIR KING...
THE END


DON'T STAND THERE, COME IN, DON'T MIND THE FRESH CORPSES.. JUST PUSH THEM ASIDE! SO YOU WANT TO HEAR A GRAVEYARD KEEPER'S TALE! I HAVE A NICE ONE HERE ABOUT BONES, NICE WHITE BONES, THE KIND I LOVE! CASPER LOVED BONES TOO... HE WORKED WITH THEM.. LIVED WITH THEM.. HE EVEN DREAM'T ABOUT THEM! MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY CALLED HIM...
THE BONE MAN
THE GRAVEYARD KEEPERS TALE
MANNIE BANKS
DR. CASPER CRISP HAD AN ALL ABSORBING LOVE, PALEONTOLOGY. HE WAS THE BONE MAN, THE GUY WHO PUTS ALL THE SKELETONS TOGETHER. HIS WORKSHOP, ONE CORNER OF THE MUSEUM, WAS HIS STUDY AND HIS LAB...
VERY NICE... VERY NICE, INDEED. PITY THERE WASN'T MORE MEAT ON HIM. OF COURSE...
...I HAVE A TENDENCY TO OVER COOK THEM... STILL THE BONES ARE WHAT COUNT. LOVELY SNOW-WHITE BONES... BAH! THE POETS' PRATTLING OF THE SNOW-WHITE WOMAN'S FLESH. BONES! THEY ARE SNOW WHITE!
NO... DR. CRISP WASN'T INTERESTED IN THE MEAT... JUST LOVELY SNOW-WHITE BONES... BUT THEN HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON UPSTAIRS IN THE OFFICE OF HORACE DROO... CHAIRMAN OF THE MUSEUM BOARD OF DIRECTORS...

Horror From The Tomb #1, September 1954. Artist: Mannie Banks. Publisher: Premier Magazines.


THIS FAT, LOATHSOME SPECIMEN OF HUMANITY HAS AN AXE TO GRIND... AND HE'S GOING TO GRIND IT ON CRISP'S BONES...
YOU WANT TO HELP YOUR DADDY, DON'T YOU, HONEY? YOU WANT TO DO HIM A BIG, BIG FAVOR?
WELL...
A FERAL GRIN PLAYED ACROSS HIS FEATURES, HIS FINGERS TWINED LIKE FAT, WHITE WORMS... HE STRUCK A BARGAIN...
OKAY! THE MINK COAT'S YOURS IF YOU DO THIS LITTLE FAVOR FOR PAPA!
AND THE CONVERTIBLE, DON'T FORGET THAT!
CRISP IS THE ONLY MAN THAT STANDS BETWEEN ME AND THE JOB AS HEAD CURATOR. IF I CAN DISCREDIT HIM THE JOB IS MINE! BESIDES HE AND THOSE DISGUSTING BONES ARE DRIVING ME OUT OF MY MIND!
AND THAT'S WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO, IS IT, FORCE HIM OUT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. SHOULDN'T BE HARD. THE LITTLE MAN DOESN'T KNOW HIS WAY AROUND.
ALICE PUT THE PLAN INTO ACTION. CRISP WAS USED TO ONLY ANIMALS AROUND BONES, NOT TO ANYTHING LIKE ALICE AROUND BONES. EVERYTHING ABOUT HER WAS VITAL...
THE WORKSHOP IS NOT OPEN TO THE PUBLIC... I MEAN, I BEG YOUR PARDON... UH-HH...
OH, AREN'T YOU CUTE! THEY SAID YOU WERE FUNNY. I THINK YOU'RE CUTE! I MEAN IT! WORKING IN THAT STUFFY OLD PLACE. WELL, WE'RE GOING TO CHANGE THAT RIGHT NOW!
BEFORE HE REALIZED WHAT WAS HAPPENING CRISP HAD A DATE WITH THE FAST-TALKING ALICE...
...AND JUST AS I TOLD DADDY, I SAID, THAT AWFULLY NICE DR. CRISP ALL ALONE WITH THOSE NASTY OLD BONES! POOR MAN I'LL BET HE HASN'T SEEN ANYTHING IN AGES. AND THAT'S WHY WE'RE GOING...
...FIRST TO THE STAG INN; THEN TO WINDUP, AND MAYBE LATER TO SMOKEY MOE'S, WHERE THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE VOODOO DANCING. IT'LL BE FUN...
2

LOVERS IN ALL THE DARK CORNERS... ALICE CLOSE TO HIM... THE HEADY SMELL OF HER PERFUME... THE REDNESS OF HER LIPS... THE INCREDIBLE ALLURE OF HER NEARNESS...
I'VE NEVER DRANK BEFORE... WILL THIS...
DRINK.
FORGOTTEN WAS THE WORKSHOP WITH ITS COLLECTION OF ANCIENT BONES. THIS WAS REAL, AND NO BONE WAS AS WHITE OR FRAGRANT AS THE FACE OF THE WOMAN NEXT TO HIM...
Y'KNOW, I'M GLAD YOU BROUGHT ME HERE. I LIKE IT.
THAT'S IT! BOTTOM'S UP, CUTEY.
SHAY! LESH GO TO SMOKEY MOES...
SURE, AFTER THE NEXT ROUND...
IT WAS A BIG NIGHT... THE BIGGEST HE EVER HAD...
WHEEEE!
FUN... FUN... FUN...
NOW ISN'T THIS FUN?
YOU'RE SO RIGHT, SO VERY RIGHT...
I WANT TA GO TO THE VOODOO PLACE - LE'S GO!
OKAY, CRISPY, WHAT EVER YOU SAY!
FUN
SUCH GOOD FUN
WHEEEEEEEEEE
VOODOO
3


HE'S OUT COLD. PUT HIM IN THE BACK SEAT OF MY CAR AND COME ALONG WITH US. THERE'S TWENTY A PIECE FOR YOU... AFTER I SHOW YOU WHAT TO DO...
O.K., LADY!
IN THE MUSEUM...
...THEN BREAK UP THE EXHIBITS...DO A GOOD JOB...SMASH EVERY ONE OF THOSE FILTHY BONES INTO A THOUSAND PIECES... BREAK THEM! DESTROY THEM!
NOW WASN'T OUR ALICE A REAL CUTIE? CRISP'S SLEEPING SOUND, BUT WHAT AN AWAKENING FOR HIM..
A SHORT TIME LATER... ALICE RELATES THE VICIOUS TALE OF HER UNDOING OF THE POOR DOCTOR CRISP TO HER GLOATING FATHER...
AND THEN YOU LEFT HIM THERE WITH THE BROKEN BONES! I KNEW MY DAUGHTER WOULDN'T FAIL ME. NOW WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT CARNAGE!
I DID MY PART, DAD, HOW ABOUT THE COAT AND THE CONVERTIBLE? A GIRL HAS TO BE PAID FOR HER LITTLE EFFORTS...TO HELP OUT!
IT WAS A FIT GARMENT... THE SKINS OF TREACHEROUS ANIMALS OVER THE BODY OF A TREACHEROUS WOMAN...
DADDY, DEAR! YOU ARE THE NICEST MAN. IN MANY WAYS THIS HAS BEEN A PROSPEROUS EVENING FOR BOTH OF US!
HURRY! I WANT TO SEE THIS LOVELY SIGHT WITH MY OWN EYES!
COME ALICE, LET'S SHOW CRISP YOUR NEW COAT. I'M SURE HE'LL APPRECIATE IT. ESPECIALLY WHEN HE LEARNED HOW YOU GOT IT.
WHA...WHAT HAPPENED? WHO DID THIS TERRIBLE THING?
PRECISELY WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW. AND THE ANSWER SEEMS OBVIOUS FROM YOUR CONDITION. THE EXECUTIVE BOARD ALREADY KNOWS. I CALLED THEM WHEN MY DAUGHTER TOLD ME WHAT SHE SAW YOU DO AND THEY ARE NOW IN SPECIAL SESSION DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT THEY WILL DO? THROW YOU OUT, THAT'S WHAT... YOU CAN'T COME HERE AFTER A NIGHT OUT AND DESTROY MUSEUM PROPERTY!
4

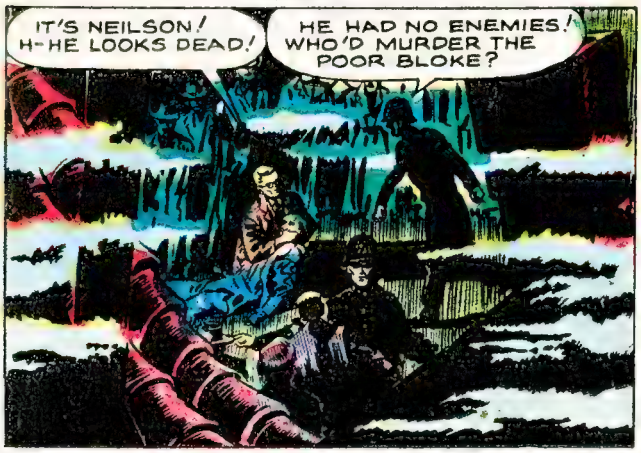
NO! I COULDN'T HAVE... I LOVED THESE OLD BONES... I COULD NEVER HURT THEM... NEVER...
THE FULL CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE GIRL'S TREACHERY SNAPPED THE DELICATE THREAD SEPERATING SANITY AND MADNESS AND TRANSFORMED THE GENTLE DOCTOR OF PALEONTOLOGY INTO A RAVING MANIAC...
AAAAGH!
WHAT'S THE MATTER...WHY ARE YOU LOOKIN'AT ME LIKE THAT? NO! NO!
RRRRRGGH
YOU DID IT! YOU DESTROYED MY LOVELY BONES. BOTH OF YOU!
AAARR!
I'LL SHOW YOU... YOU BOTH HATE ME!
THE DOCTOR SEEMS QUITE HAPPY... EXCHANGING NEW BONES FOR OLD... JUST A LITTLE MORE COOKING; DROO
WASN'T AS TENDER AS ALICE'S...
DUM... DUM DE... DE... TRA-LA
5

WE DIDN'T BELIEVE DROO... BUT THE EVIDENCE IS PLAIN, WE NATURALLY RESPECT YOUR YEARS OF SERVICE... BUT YOU UNDERSTAND HOW IT IS... YOU ARE A DISGRACE TO THE MUSEUM...
HOURS LATER...
ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE MORE OF A BUTCHER THAN A SCHOLAR. ALL THIS COOKING AND BONE-CUTTING. DISGUSTING! I SEE NOW THAT DROO WAS RIGHT ALL THE TIME!
YES, YOU ARE A NASTY MAN, A DISGRACE TO THE MUSEUM. AND WHAT ARE THOSE HEADS YOU'RE COOKING?
AAARGH...
UUGGH
YES, THE POTS WILL HOLD THEM NICELY!
MY, MY, BUT THEIR BONES ARE TOUGH... BUT I CAN DO IT... HEH! HEH!
ALMOST DONE... I'LL NEED PLENTY OF WIRE...
HEH! HEH!
BOARD OF DIRECTORS EXTINCT
THE NEXT MORNING...
The end

ALMOST HUMAN

IN THE GLOOMY DUNGEON OF THE DECAYING CASTLE PROFESSOR REID FOUND THEM, THE LURID MONSTERS OF THEIR CREATOR'S NIGHTMARE MIND./ THEY WERE ROBOTS AND THEY HAD GAINED POWER, BUT SOUGHT STILL MORE./ HE ALONE KNEW THEIR DARK SECRET AND BEGGED FOR PITY, BUT PLASTIC AND METAL HAVE NO PITY...EVEN IF THEY ARE SHAPED INTO A FORM THAT SEEMS...

THE VILLAGE OF MOORLANDS AWAKES ONE DAY AND AS USUAL ENGLISH MORNING FOG LIFTS, SUDDENLY THEY GAPE AT THE CONTORTED FACE OF A COLD CORPSE...



HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR REID! HE WAS STRANGLED BY SOME BRUTE HANDS! LOOK AT HIS FACE... FEAR IS WRITTEN ALL OVER IT!
BUT LOOK AT HIS MOUTH! HIS TONGUE... IT'S BEEN RIPPED OUT!

Beware #6, November 1953. Pencils: Vince Napoli; inks: Art Gates. Publisher: Trojan Magazines.

BUT NO ONE CAN COME TO ANY CONCLUSION ABOUT THE FOUL MURDER! TWO NIGHTS LATER ANOTHER TONGUELESS CORPSE IS FOUND, AND ON A THIRD NIGHT...

MINUTES LATER, FOOTSTEPS ECHO DOWN THE DARK STREET AS POLICEMEN RUN UP...

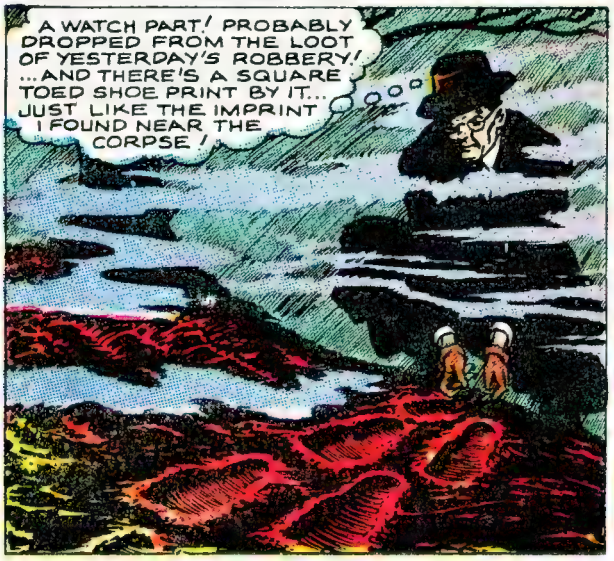
BLIMY, THEY'VE CLEANED OUT THE STORE OF ALL THE WATCH PARTS!
AND I'VE JUST COME FROM AN AUTO PARTS STORE... SOME ONE BROKE IN THERE AND TOOK ALL THE PARTS TOO!
WAT
REPAI

THE DAY OF CHILLING PUZZLEMENT ENDS WITH ANOTHER SINISTER DISCOVERY...

THE THIRD MURDER VICTIM AND HE'S WITHOUT HIS TONGUE! IT'S JUST LIKE THE OTHERS!
BUT WHY ARE THE TONGUES ALWAYS TAKEN FROM THE BODIES? AND IS THERE ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THESE BRUTAL SLAYINGS AND THE ROBBERIES?

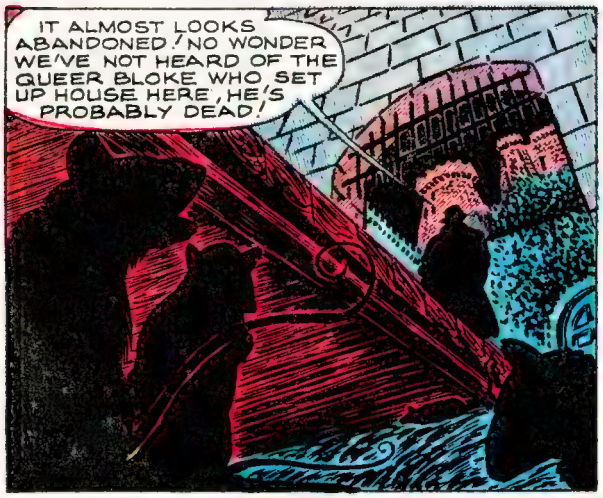
IT'S BEYOND ME, PROFESSOR REID! I CAN'T MAKE A THING OUT OF IT! SCOTLAND YARD'S SENDING A TOP MAN IN A DAY OR TWO!
THAT'S FINE... BUT HOW MANY MORE TONGUELESS CORPSES WILL TURN UP BEFORE HE ARRIVES?

PROFESSOR REID, THE NOTED ANTHROPOLOGIST, FINDS A FOOTPRINT BY THE CORPSE AFTER THE POLICEMAN LEAVES AND FOLLOWS IT...

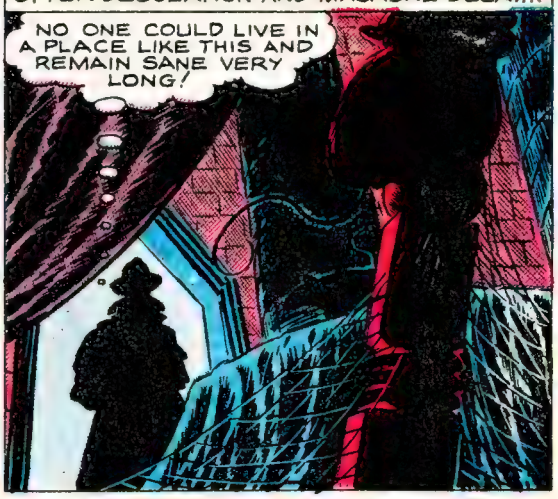

A WATCH PART! PROBABLY DROPPED FROM THE LOOT OF YESTERDAY'S ROBBERY! ...AND THERE'S A SQUARE TOED SHOE PRINT BY IT... JUST LIKE THE IMPRINT I FOUND NEAR THE CORPSE!

THERE'S NOTHING OUT THIS WAY EXCEPT GATESBY CASTLE! THAT'S WHERE THE QUEER INVENTOR RETIRED FIVE YEARS AGO! WE HAVEN'T HEARD OF THAT ECCENTRIC OLD MAN SINCE THEN... BUT THESE FOOTPRINTS HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE CASTLE!

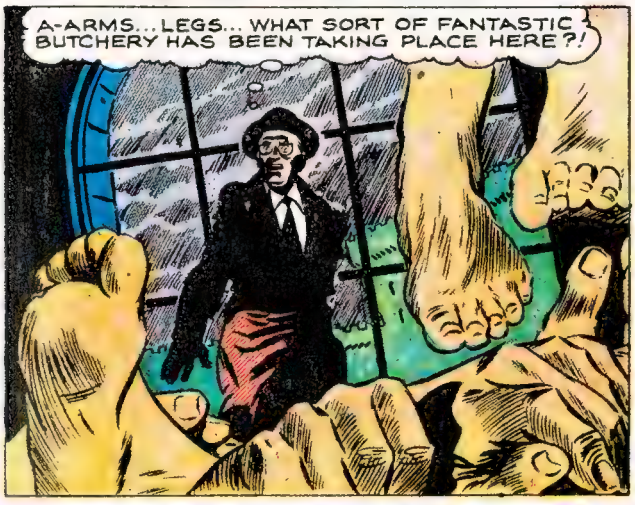
ACROSS THE ROTTING DRAW BRIDGE, REID WALKS, AS MANGY RATS SCURRY FROM THEIR DISTURBED HIDING PLACES...



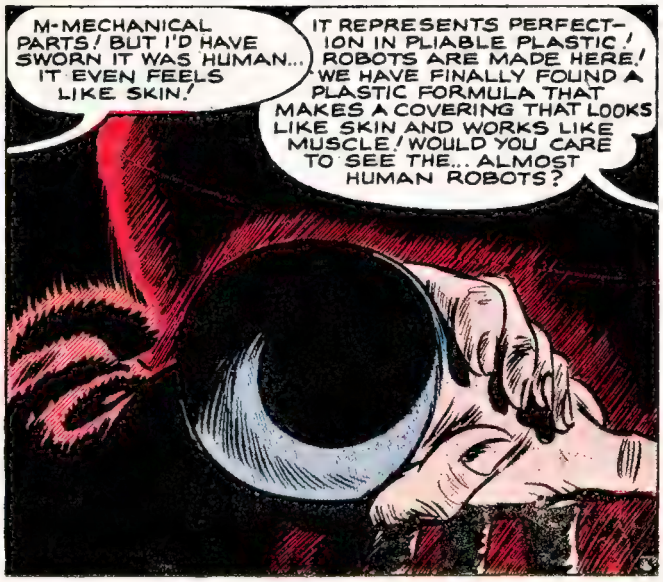
WITH A MOURNFUL CREAK, THE HUGE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, REVEALING A SCENE OF UTTER DESOLATION AND MACABRE DECAY...

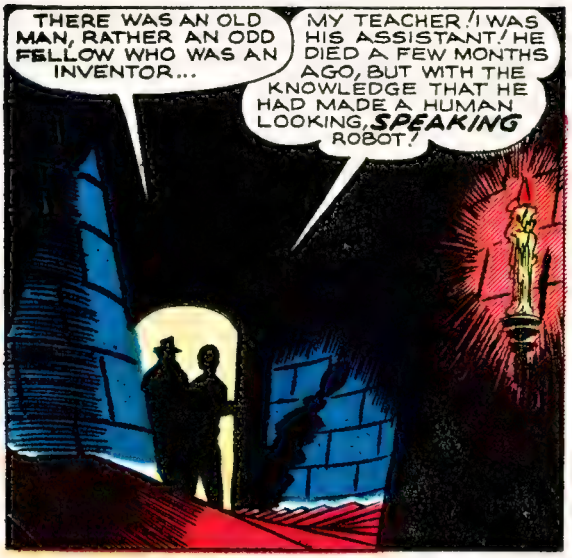


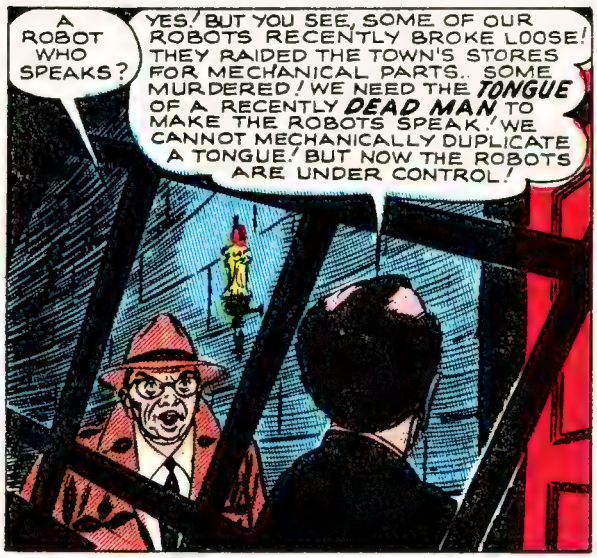
SUDDENLY, HIS EYES FOCUS IN TERROR ON A PILE OF DISMEMBERED HUMAN LIMBS...



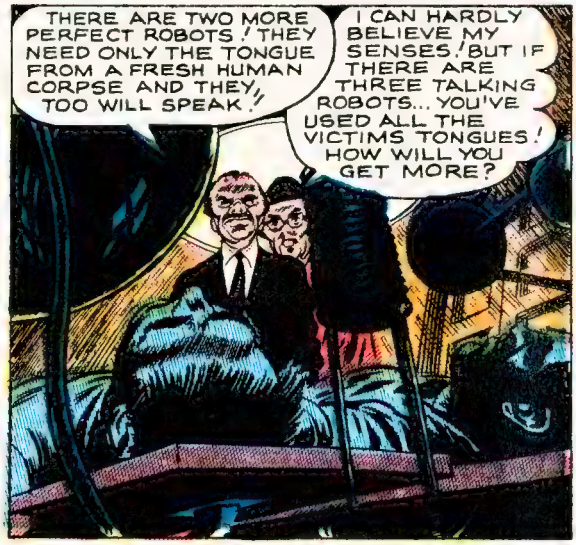
QUICKLY PROF. REID INTRODUCES HIMSELF, AS THE STRANGE MAN TURNS UP THE ARM...


M-MECHANICAL PARTS! BUT I'D HAVE SWORN IT WAS HUMAN... IT EVEN FEELS LIKE SKIN!
IT REPRESENTS PERFECTION IN PLIABLE PLASTIC! ROBOTS ARE MADE HERE! WE HAVE FINALLY FOUND A PLASTIC FORMULA THAT MAKES A COVERING THAT LOOKS LIKE SKIN AND WORKS LIKE MUSCLE! WOULD YOU CARE TO SEE THE... ALMOST HUMAN ROBOTS?


THERE WAS AN OLD MAN, RATHER AN ODD FELLOW WHO WAS AN INVENTOR...
MY TEACHER / I WAS HIS ASSISTANT / HE DIED A FEW MONTHS AGO, BUT WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE HAD MADE A HUMAN LOOKING, SPEAKING ROBOT!

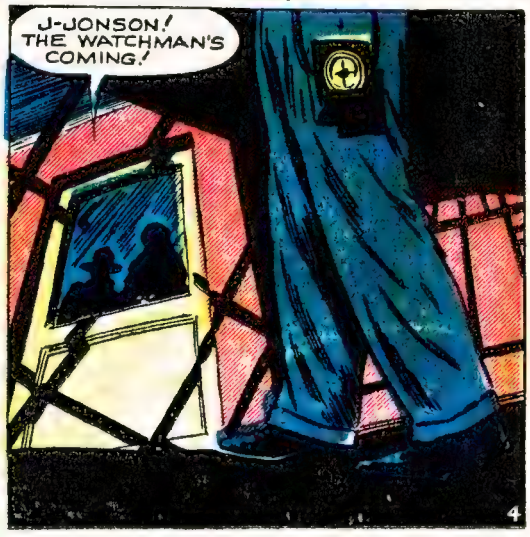

A ROBOT WHO SPEAKS?
YES! BUT YOU SEE, SOME OF OUR ROBOTS RECENTLY BROKE LOOSE! THEY RAIDED THE TOWN'S STORES FOR MECHANICAL PARTS.. SOME MURDERED! WE NEED THE TONGUE OF A RECENTLY DEAD MAN TO MAKE THE ROBOTS SPEAK. / WE CANNOT MECHANICALLY DUPLICATE A TONGUE. / BUT NOW THE ROBOTS ARE UNDER CONTROL!

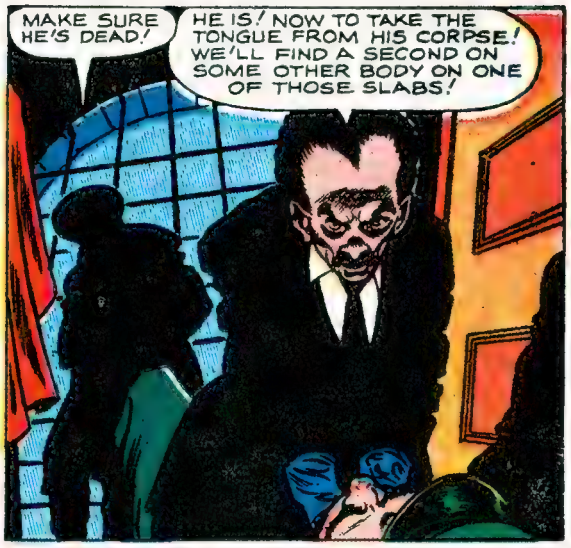
THE DOOR OPENS, REVEALING THE FANTASTIC SIGHT OF ALMOST-HUMAN LOOKING MECHANICAL CREATURES AND WHEN JONSON QUESTIONS ONE...


THERE ARE TWO MORE PERFECT ROBOTS! THEY NEED ONLY THE TONGUE FROM A FRESH HUMAN CORPSE AND THEY, TOO WILL SPEAK!
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY SENSES! BUT IF THERE ARE THREE TALKING ROBOTS... YOU'VE USED ALL THE VICTIMS TONGUES! HOW WILL YOU GET MORE?

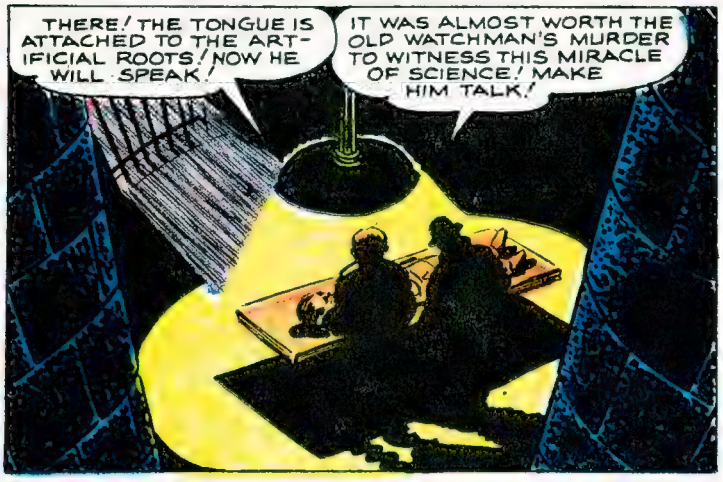
I WANT NO MORE NEEDLESS KILLING! I SHALL STEAL TWO TONGUES TONIGHT... FROM THE MORGUE! WILL YOU COME WITH ME?
VIOLATE THE DEAD?.. BUT I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO SEE YOU ATTACH THE TONGUE AND CREATE SPEECH IN A LIFELESS METAL SHELL! I...I'LL JOIN YOU!

THAT NIGHT, AT MIDNIGHT, PROFESSOR REID AND JONSON ENTER THE MORGUE THROUGH A BACK WINDOW AND MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CHAMBER OF DETERIORATING CORPSES!





SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY, THE MURDERER AND HIS ACCOMPLICE RACE BACK TO THE GRIM CASTLE. THERE, JONSON WORKS BUSILY ON A ROBOT.

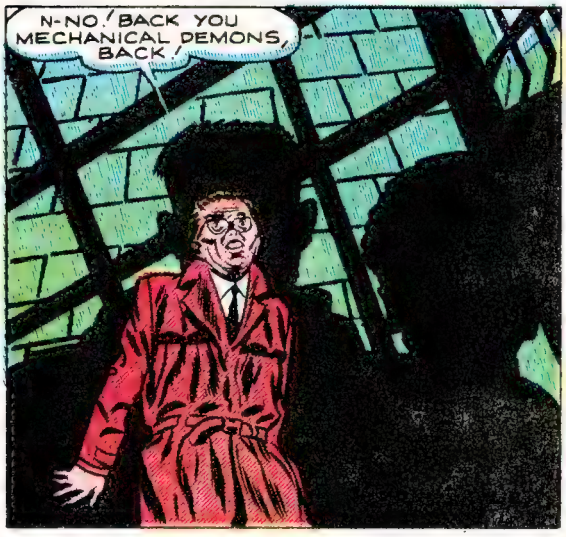

THERE! THE TONGUE IS ATTACHED TO THE ARTIFICIAL ROOTS. NOW HE WILL SPEAK.
IT WAS ALMOST WORTH THE OLD WATCHMAN'S MURDER TO WITNESS THIS MIRACLE OF SCIENCE! MAKE HIM TALK!

THANK YOU, MASTER!
FANTASTIC! WHY, THESE ROBOTS SEEM ALMOST INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO MAKE OTHER ROBOTS!
YES... AND THE ROBOTS WOULD RULE ALL MANKIND!

SUDDENLY JOHNSON'S KNIFE SLIPS, EMBEDDING IT'S SHARP BLADE IN HIS ARM. BUT AS HE DRAWS IT FORTH, PROF. REID WATCHES WITH SHOCKED HORROR...

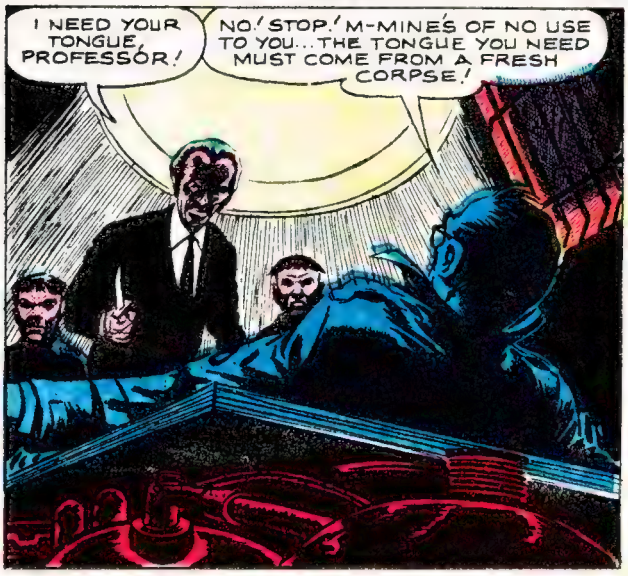
YES PROF. REID, YOU WERE RIGHT! ROBOTS CAN MAKE ROBOTS! AND WHEN I REALIZED THAT, I NO LONGER NEEDED MY INVENTOR! I KILLED HIM AND MADE THESE MOST PERFECT ROBOTS!
N-NO, JONSON! IT CAN'T BE! N-NOT YOU! Y-YOU'RE HUMAN! S-SAY YOU ARE!

NO, PROFESSOR REID! I AM NOT HUMAN! BUT AS I MADE THESE ROBOTS, SO SHALL I MAKE OTHERS AND RULE ALL HUMANS... THEY SHALL SERVE THE ROBOT MASTERS! BUT YOU WILL NOT TELL OUR SECRETS! SEIZE HIM!

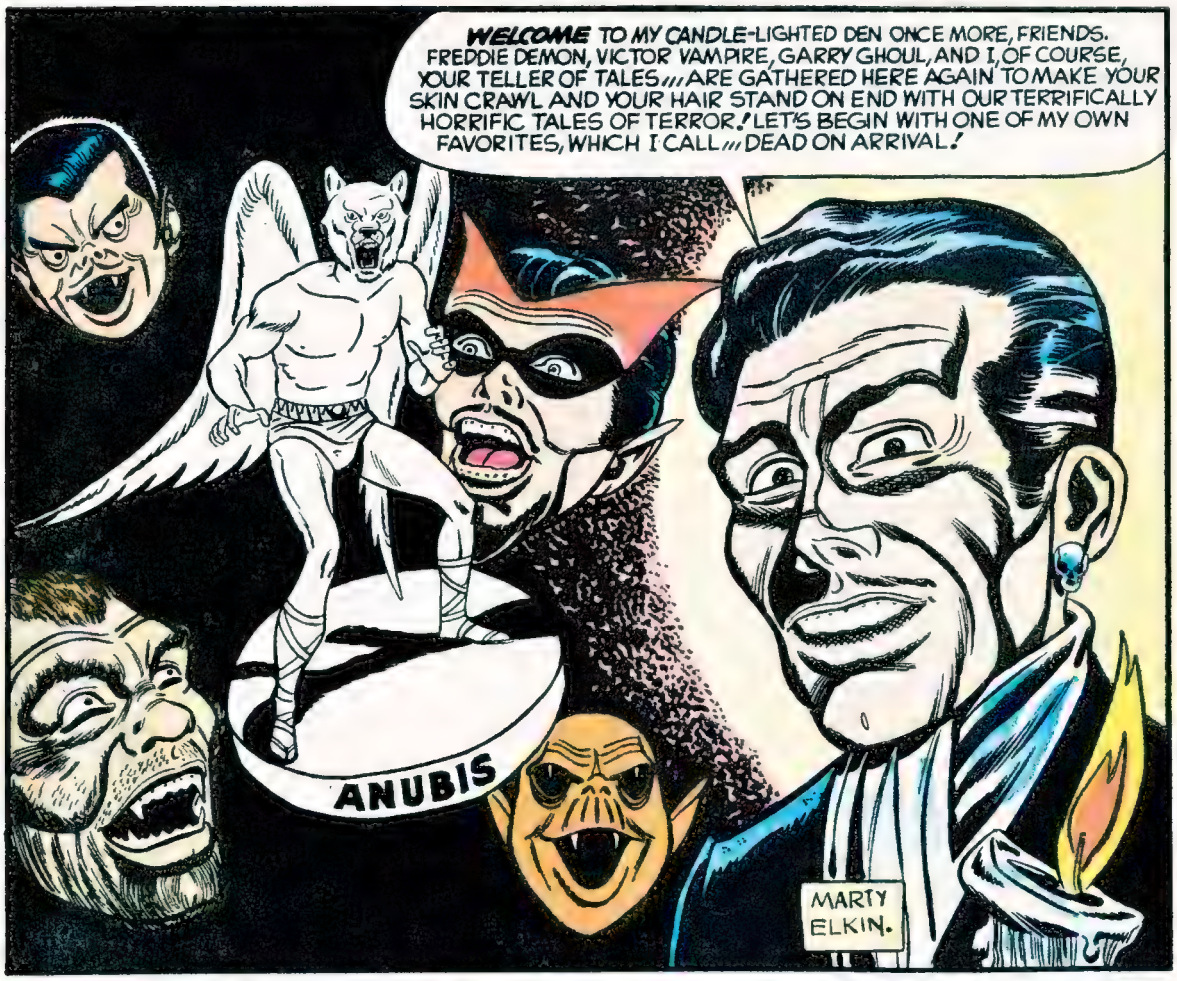


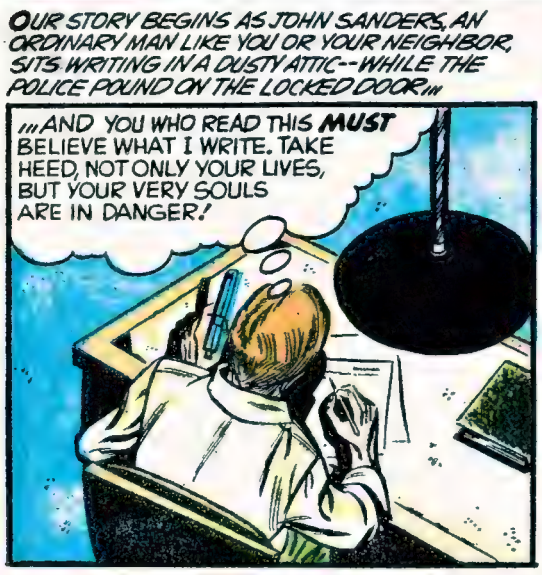
LET ME GO... I SWEAR I'LL NEVER TELL WHAT I KNOW!
I KNOW YOU WON'T! I HAVE PLANS FOR YOU!... STRAP HIM BY THE ROBOT WHOSE PERFECTION AWAITS ONLY A HUMAN TONGUE!

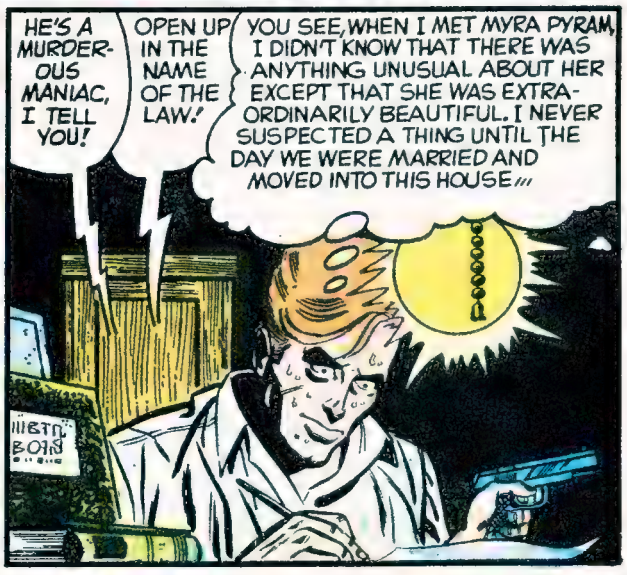
QUICKLY, THE TERRIFIED PROFESSOR IS STRAPPED TO THE TABLE...



DEAD ON ARRIVAL


WELCOME TO MY CANDLE-LIGHTED DEN ONCE MORE, FRIENDS. FREDDIE DEMON, VICTOR VAMPIRE, GARRY GHOUL, AND I, OF COURSE, YOUR TELLER OF TALES /// ARE GATHERED HERE AGAIN TO MAKE YOUR SKIN CRAWL AND YOUR HAIR STAND ON END WITH OUR TERRIFICALLY HORRIFIC TALES OF TERROR! LET'S BEGIN WITH ONE OF MY OWN FAVORITES, WHICH I CALL /// DEAD ON ARRIVAL!
ANUBIS
MARTY ELKIN.


OUR STORY BEGINS AS JOHN SANDERS, AN ORDINARY MAN LIKE YOU OR YOUR NEIGHBOR, SITS WRITING IN A DUSTY ATTIC--WHILE THE POLICE POUND ON THE LOCKED DOOR ///
/// AND YOU WHO READ THIS MUST BELIEVE WHAT I WRITE. TAKE HEED, NOT ONLY YOUR LIVES, BUT YOUR VERY SOULS ARE IN DANGER!


HE'S A MURDEROUS MANIAC, I TELL YOU!
OPEN UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
YOU SEE, WHEN I MET MYRA PYRAM, I DIDN'T KNOW THAT THERE WAS ANYTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT HER EXCEPT THAT SHE WAS EXTRAORDINARILY BEAUTIFUL. I NEVER SUSPECTED A THING UNTIL THE DAY WE WERE MARRIED AND MOVED INTO THIS HOUSE ///
BANG BANG

Terrific #14, December 1954. Artist: Marty Elkin. Publisher: Comic Media.

AND THEN I GOT MY FIRST SURPRIZE!!!

A MUMMY CASE? MYRA, WHAT IN...?

HEAVENS, DARLING. DIDN'T I TELL YOU? I'M AN EGYPTOLOGIST. THE STUDY OF ANCIENT EGYPT IS MY HOBBY. NOW DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED. IS THERE A ROOM I CAN USE TO WORK IN SOMEWHERE?

FRAGILE

WELL, THE ATTIC WOULD GIVE YOU PRIVACY, IF YOU NEED... A MUMMY CASE, OF ALL THINGS!

FINE. TAKE IT UPSTAIRS FELLOWS. COME ALONG, JOHN, SO WE CAN DECIDE WHERE TO PUT IT IN THE ATTIC.

AND SO!!!

THERE! AND THIS PLACE WILL BE PERFECT. WHY DON'T YOU LET ME TEACH YOU, JOHN? EGYPT WAS FASCINATING...

I'M NOT MUCH FOR HOBBIES, DARLING. I'LL JUST STAY OUT OF THE WAY WHILE YOU PURSUE YOURS.

I TRIED TO GIVE MYRA PRIVACY TO DO HER STUDYING. BUT AS THE DAYS PASSED SHE SPENT MORE AND MORE TIME IN HER ATTIC ROOM. FINALLY, CURIOUS AND A BIT JEALOUS, I CLIMBED THE STAIRS ONE DAY!!!

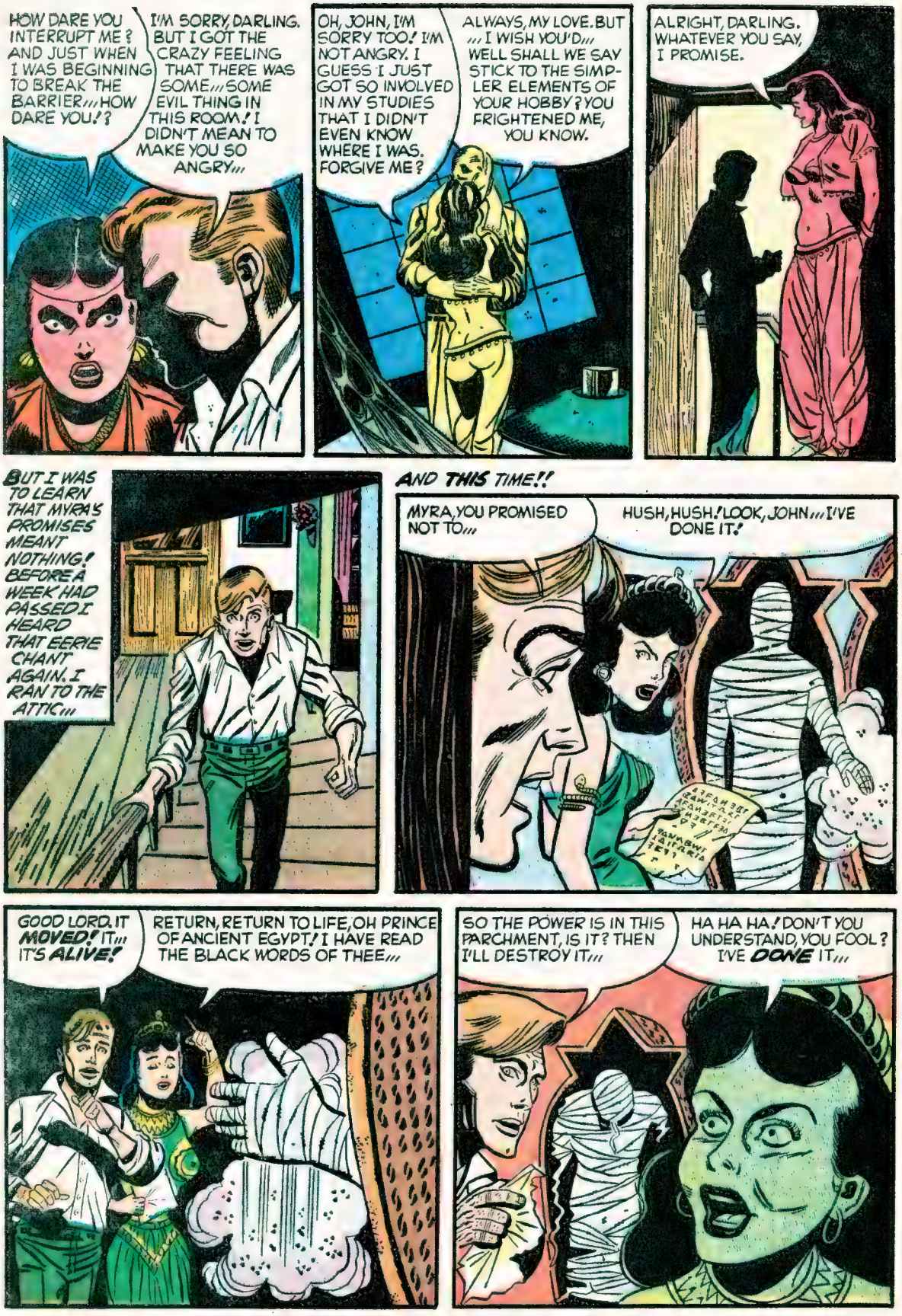
I COULD HEAR HER CHANTING IN SOME STRANGE TONGUE AS I APPROACHED. THE SOUND OF IT MADE ME NERVOUS AND UNEASY!!!

"AND AS I ENTERED THE ATTIC, MY FEELINGS TURNED TO DEFINITE FEAR! THERE WAS **SOMETHING** BESIDES MYRA THERE. SOMETHING VAGUE AND TERRIBLE!!!!

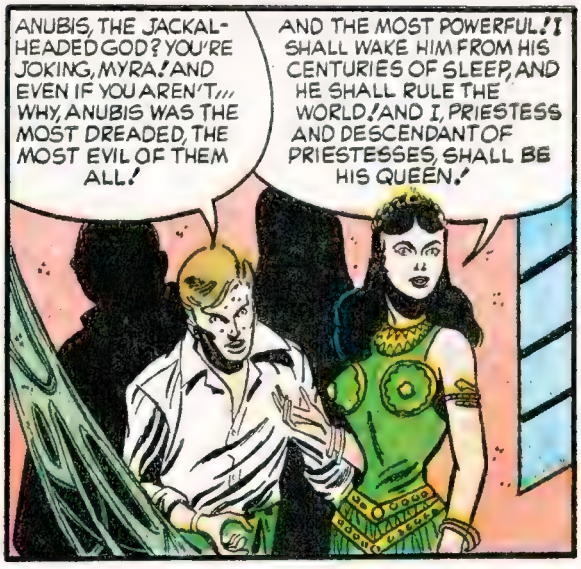
MYRA!

DON'T, JOHN! GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME!!! OHHHH!

GIVE ME THAT AND STOP WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING, RIGHT NOW!


HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT ME? AND JUST WHEN I WAS BEGINNING TO BREAK THE BARRIER... HOW DARE YOU!?
I'M SORRY, DARLING. BUT I GOT THE CRAZY FEELING THAT THERE WAS SOME... SOME EVIL THING IN THIS ROOM! I DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU SO ANGRY...
OH, JOHN, I'M SORRY TOO! I'M NOT ANGRY. I GUESS I JUST GOT SO INVOLVED IN MY STUDIES THAT I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE I WAS. FORGIVE ME?
ALWAYS, MY LOVE. BUT ... I WISH YOU'D... WELL SHALL WE SAY STICK TO THE SIMPLER ELEMENTS OF YOUR HOBBY? YOU FRIGHTENED ME, YOU KNOW.
ALRIGHT, DARLING. WHATEVER YOU SAY, I PROMISE.
BUT I WAS TO LEARN THAT MYRA'S PROMISES MEANT NOTHING! BEFORE A WEEK HAD PASSED I HEARD THAT EERIE CHANT AGAIN. I RAN TO THE ATTIC...
AND THIS TIME!!
MYRA, YOU PROMISED NOT TO...
HUSH, HUSH! LOOK, JOHN... I'VE DONE IT!
GOOD LORD, IT MOVED! IT... IT'S ALIVE!
RETURN, RETURN TO LIFE, OH PRINCE OF ANCIENT EGYPT! I HAVE READ THE BLACK WORDS OF THEE...
SO THE POWER IS IN THIS PARCHMENT, IS IT? THEN I'LL DESTROY IT...
HA HA HA! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, YOU FOOL? I'VE DONE IT...

THERE! AND LOOK, THAT THING HAS CRUMBLED TO DUST!
WHAT OF IT? NOW I KNOW THE SECRET OF RAISING THE DEAD, BE THEY MEN OR GODS... AND I AM READY TO RAISE THE GREATEST OF ALL EGYPT'S GODS, ANUBIS!


ANUBIS, THE JACKAL-HEADED GOD? YOU'RE JOKING, MYRA! AND EVEN IF YOU AREN'T... WHY, ANUBIS WAS THE MOST DREADED, THE MOST EVIL OF THEM ALL!
AND THE MOST POWERFUL! I SHALL WAKE HIM FROM HIS CENTURIES OF SLEEP, AND HE SHALL RULE THE WORLD! AND I, PRIESTESS AND DESCENDANT OF PRIESTESSES, SHALL BE HIS QUEEN!

WHO CARES? THINK OF THE POWER, POWER OF GODS! JOIN US, JOHN... WE'LL MAKE YOU SECOND ONLY TO ANUBIS AND TO ME! YOU'LL HELP US HARVEST THE FRUITS OF COMPLETE MASTERY OVER ALL CREATION! LISTEN TO ME...
SHE MEANS IT! I DON'T BELIEVE SHE CAN ACTUALLY DO IT... BUT SHE BELIEVES IT!

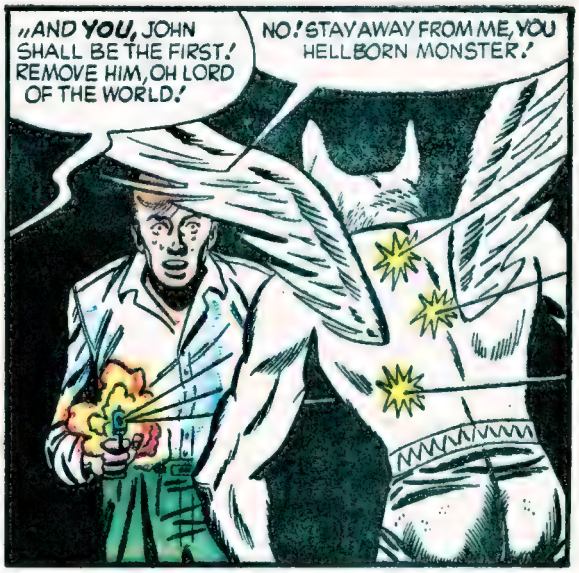
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DRAW THE SECRET SYMBOL AROUND ME HERE ON THE FLOOR IN BLOOD, THEN WHEN I REPEAT THE WORDS THAT...
NO, MYRA! NO! I FORBID IT!

I'M ENDING ALL THIS RIGHT NOW! I'M GOING TO LOCK THIS ATTIC DOOR AND NEVER ALLOW YOU IN HERE AGAIN!
ALLOW ME... ME, A PRIESTESS OF EGYPT? HA HA! ALRIGHT THEN, YOU SHALL BE A SLAVE LIKE ALL THE REST, WHEN I AWAKEN ANUBIS!

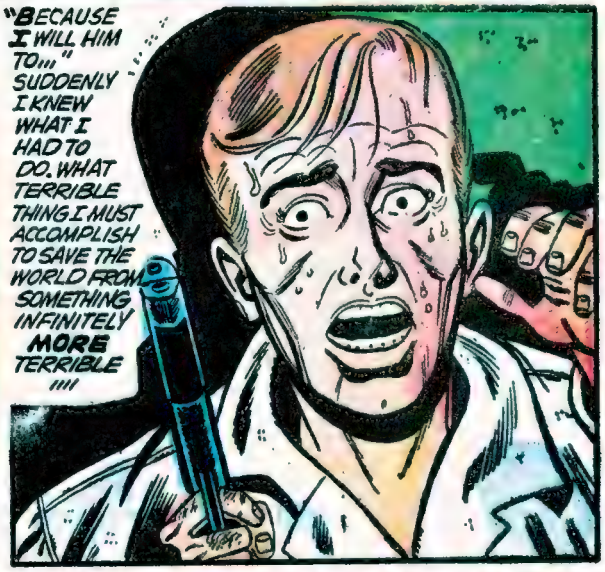
THE NEXT DAY, I STARTED CARRYING A GUN, FOR THE FEELING OF COMFORT IT GAVE ME. AND I DECIDED TO SELL THE HOUSE. PERHAPS IN A CITY APARTMENT, CLOSER TO PEOPLE AND ACTIVITY, MYRA MIGHT SHED HER DANGEROUS DELUSIONS. BUT IT WAS NO USE ....

FOR TODAY, AS I INTERVIEWED A PROSPECTIVE BUYER FOR THE HOUSE...
IT SEEMS TO BE A WELL-BUILT HOUSE, AND... WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
THE CHANT! MY WIFE... SHE MUST HAVE BROKEN IN THERE! I TOLD HER NOT TO... I TOLD HER!
A GUN! WHY... HE'S GONE CRAZY!
I'LL STOP HER, ONCE AND FOR ALL!
HELP, POLICE! MURDER! POLICE!
FOR SALE
AND WHEN I REACHED THE ATTIC, MY HEART LEAPED INTO MY THROAT IN PURE HORROR AT THE SIGHT THAT MET MY EYES...
NO, MYRA! NO! YOU CAN'T...!
BUT I HAVE JOHN...!
I HAVE GIVEN LIFE TO ANUBIS!

DROP THAT FOOL WORK OF THE DEVIL, AND SEND THIS THING BACK TO WHERE IT BELONGS!
TOO LATE, JOHN, TOO LATE! HE LIVES NOW, BECAUSE OF ME! THE MANUSCRIPT HAS DONE ITS WORK! HE LIVES TO DESTROY THOSE WHO WOULD OPPOSE HIM///

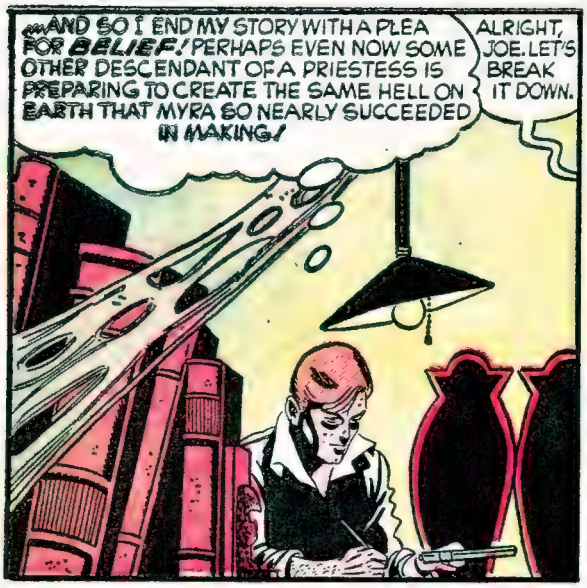

„AND YOU, JOHN SHALL BE THE FIRST! REMOVE HIM, OH LORD OF THE WORLD!
NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME, YOU HELLBORN MONSTER!

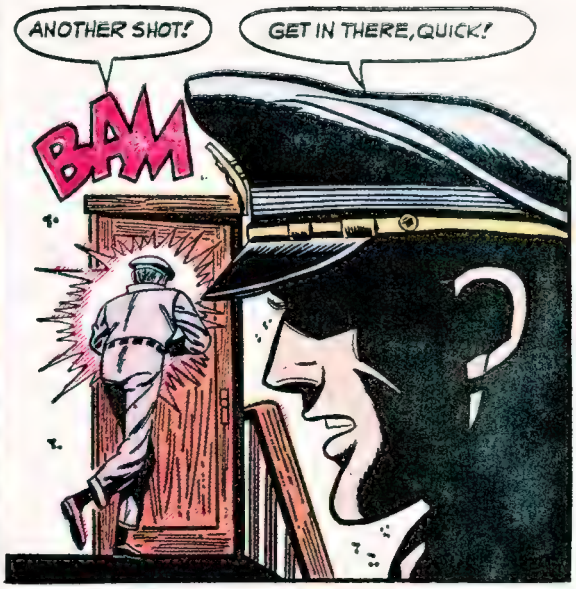
IDIOT! YOU CANNOT KILL A GOD WHO IS ALREADY DEAD FOR CENTURIES! HE LIVES NOW BECAUSE I WILL HIM TO/// HE LIVES TO BECOME KING OF THE UNIVERSE!
BAM
BAM


"BECAUSE I WILL HIM TO///" SUDDENLY I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO. WHAT TERRIBLE THING I MUST ACCOMPLISH TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM SOMETHING INFINITELY MORE TERRIBLE ////

GOODBYE, MYRA. REMEMBER THAT I LOVED YOU ONCE!
DON'T, JOHN! PLEASE DON'T/// AAAHHHHH!
AAAHHHH!
BAM

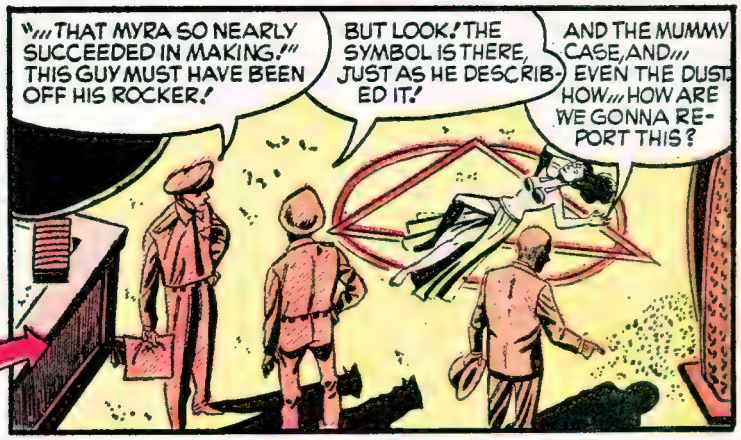
AND I WAS RIGHT! WITH MYRA'S DEATH, THAT MONSTROUS HORROR FADED FROM VIEW ///
YES, MY DARLING, I LOVED YOU/// BUT I LOVE THE WORLD MORE.

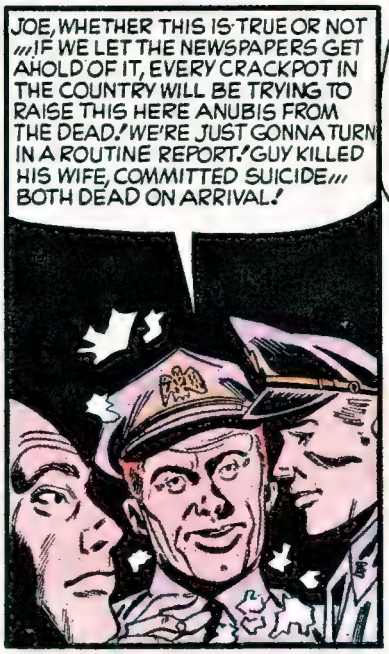

"AND SO I END MY STORY WITH A PLEA FOR BELIEF! PERHAPS EVEN NOW SOME OTHER DESCENDANT OF A PRIESTESS IS PREPARING TO CREATE THE SAME HELL ON EARTH THAT MYRA SO NEARLY SUCCEEDED IN MAKING!
ALRIGHT, JOE. LET'S BREAK IT DOWN.



TOO LATE. HE KILLED HER, ALRIGHT... AND HIMSELF, TOO.
HE LEFT A LETTER, JOE. LISTEN TO THIS. "... YOU WHO READ THIS MUST BELIEVE WHAT I WRITE. TAKE HEED, NOT ONLY YOUR LIVES, BUT YOUR VERY SOULS ARE IN DANGER..."

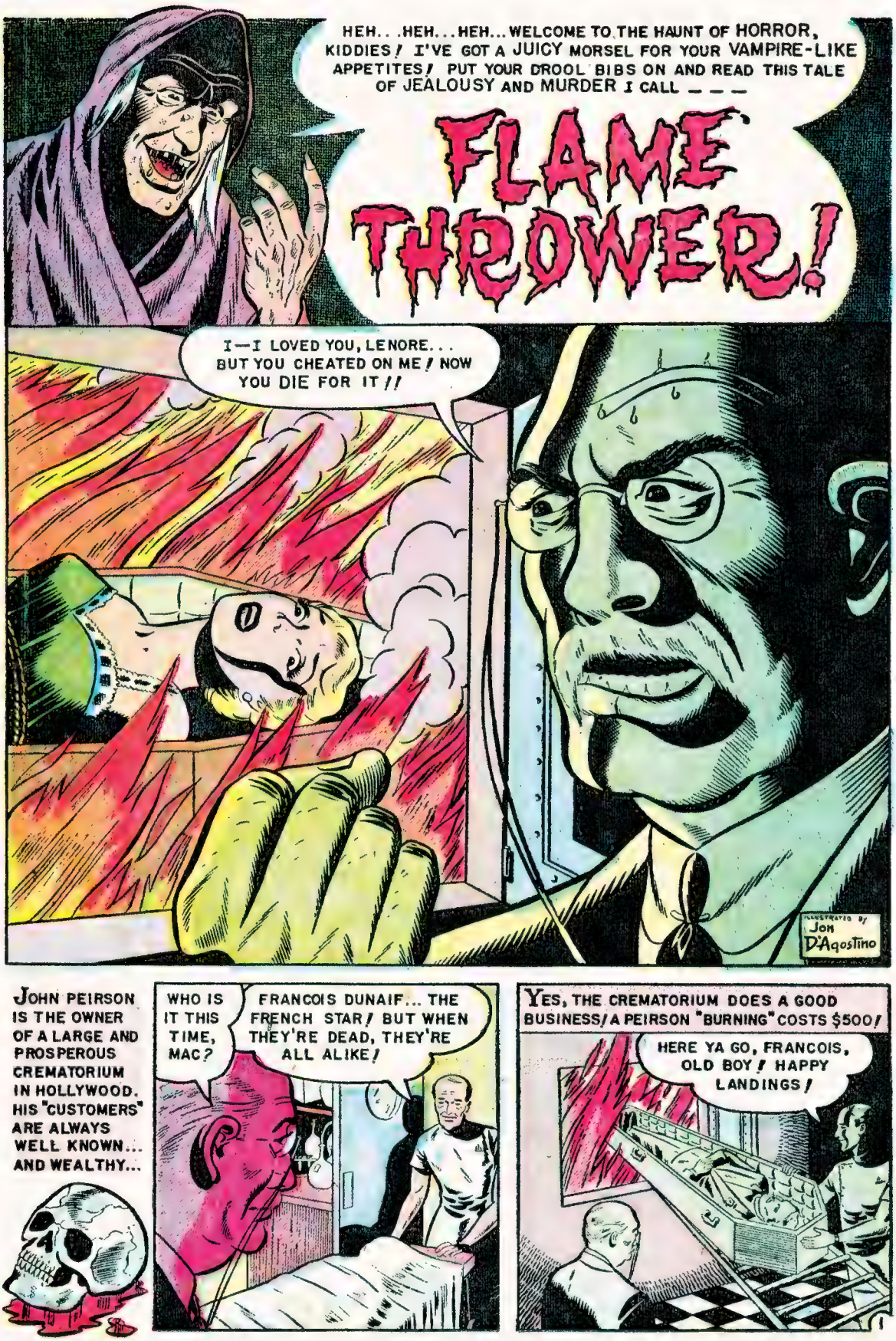
AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER...


"... THAT MYRA SO NEARLY SUCCEEDED IN MAKING!" THIS GUY MUST HAVE BEEN OFF HIS ROCKER!
BUT LOOK! THE SYMBOL IS THERE, JUST AS HE DESCRIBED IT!
AND THE MUMMY CASE, AND... EVEN THE DUST. HOW... HOW ARE WE GONNA REPORT THIS?

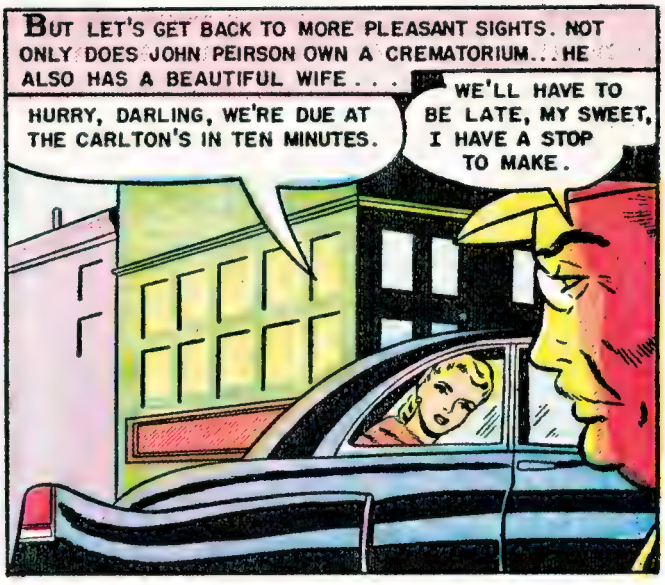

JOE, WHETHER THIS IS TRUE OR NOT ... IF WE LET THE NEWSPAPERS GET AHOLD OF IT, EVERY CRACKPOT IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE TRYING TO RAISE THIS HERE ANUBIS FROM THE DEAD! WE'RE JUST GONNA TURN IN A ROUTINE REPORT! GUY KILLED HIS WIFE, COMMITTED SUICIDE... BOTH DEAD ON ARRIVAL!

WELL? WAS THE OFFICER RIGHT? WOULD IT BE BETTER FOR THE WORLD TO KNOW, OR NOT TO KNOW... THAT SOMEWHERE THERE MAY BE SOMEONE TRYING TO LOOSE THE GOD OF EVIL, ANUBIS, ON HELPLESS HUMANITY? WHICH WAY DO YOU PREFER IT?!

THE END


HEH...HEH...HEH...WELCOME TO THE HAUNT OF HORROR, KIDDIES! I'VE GOT A JUICY MORSEL FOR YOUR VAMPIRE-LIKE APPETITES! PUT YOUR DROOL BIBS ON AND READ THIS TALE OF JEALOUSY AND MURDER I CALL — — —
FLAME THROWER!
I—I LOVED YOU, LENORE... BUT YOU CHEATED ON ME! NOW YOU DIE FOR IT!!
ILLUSTRATED BY JON D'AGOSTINO
JOHN PEIRSON IS THE OWNER OF A LARGE AND PROSPEROUS CREMATORIUM IN HOLLYWOOD. HIS "CUSTOMERS" ARE ALWAYS WELL KNOWN... AND WEALTHY...
WHO IS IT THIS TIME, MAC?
FRANCOIS DUNAIF... THE FRENCH STAR! BUT WHEN THEY'RE DEAD, THEY'RE ALL ALIKE!
YES, THE CREMATORIUM DOES A GOOD BUSINESS! A PEIRSON "BURNING" COSTS $500!
HERE YA GO, FRANCOIS, OLD BOY! HAPPY LANDINGS!

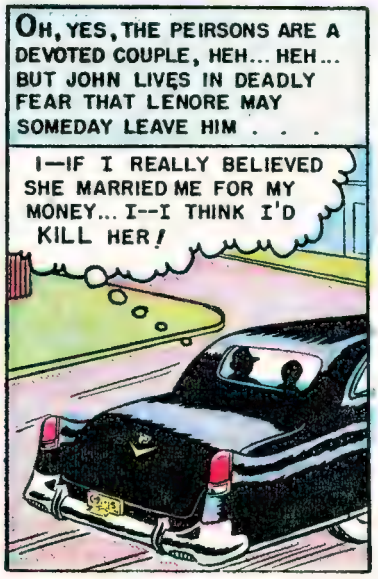
Mysterious Adventures #14, June 1953. Artist: Jon D'Agostino. Publisher: Story Comics.

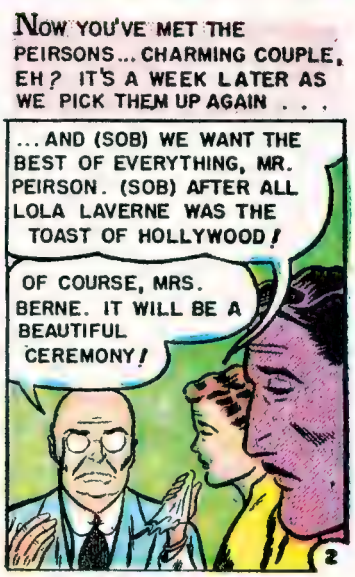

BUT LET'S GET BACK TO MORE PLEASANT SIGHTS. NOT ONLY DOES JOHN PEIRSON OWN A CREMATORIUM...HE ALSO HAS A BEAUTIFUL WIFE . . .
HURRY, DARLING, WE'RE DUE AT THE CARLTON'S IN TEN MINUTES.
WE'LL HAVE TO BE LATE, MY SWEET, I HAVE A STOP TO MAKE.

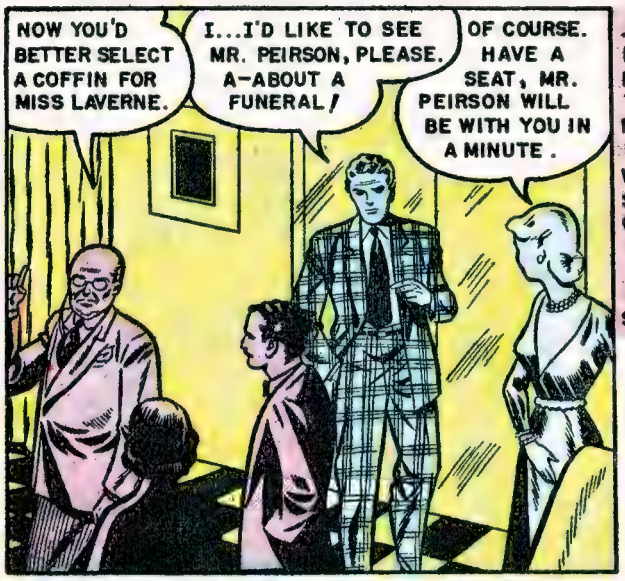
LENORE PEIRSON IS THE APPLE OF HER HUSBAND'S EYE. SHE'S AN EX-HOLLYWOOD BIT PLAYER, TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER THAN JOHN... AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO SWEAR LENORE MARRIED FOR MONEY!

LENORE SIGHS IN DELIGHT. "A SECRET" ALWAYS MEANS A PRESENT FOR HER . . .
JOHN IS SO SWEET AND THOUGHTFUL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT HIM!

AND A SHORT TIME LATER . . .
JUST REMEMBER, LENORE...YOU'RE MINE...ALL MINE! I—IF YOU EVER LEFT ME FOR SOMEONE ELSE, I'D... I'D...
JOHN, DON'T TALK THAT WAY! I LOVE YOU AND I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU!

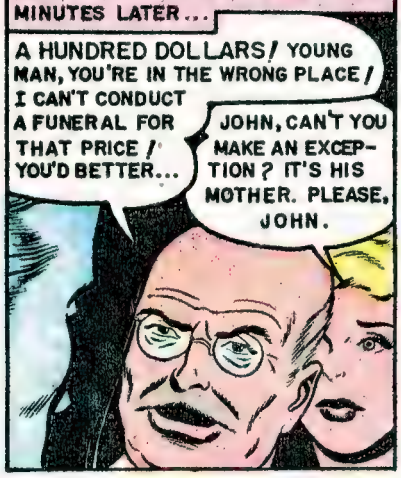

OH, YES, THE PEIRSONS ARE A DEVOTED COUPLE, HEH... HEH... BUT JOHN LIVES IN DEADLY FEAR THAT LENORE MAY SOMEDAY LEAVE HIM . . .
I—IF I REALLY BELIEVED SHE MARRIED ME FOR MY MONEY... I--I THINK I'D KILL HER!


NOW YOU'VE MET THE PEIRSONS... CHARMING COUPLE, EH? IT'S A WEEK LATER AS WE PICK THEM UP AGAIN . . .
...AND (SOB) WE WANT THE BEST OF EVERYTHING, MR. PEIRSON. (SOB) AFTER ALL LOLA LAVERNE WAS THE TOAST OF HOLLYWOOD!
OF COURSE, MRS. BERNE. IT WILL BE A BEAUTIFUL CEREMONY!
2


NOW YOU'D BETTER SELECT A COFFIN FOR MISS LAVERNE.
I...I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. PEIRSON, PLEASE. A-ABOUT A FUNERAL!
OF COURSE. HAVE A SEAT, MR. PEIRSON WILL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE.

AS LENORE LOOKS AT RALPH LANG'S THIN, PALE FACE, SHE FEELS A WAVE OF SYMPATHY GO THROUGH HER. HE LOOKS SO MISERABLE... SO ALONE...

LENORE'S HEART GOES OUT TO THE DESOLATE LOOKING MAN, AND WHEN HE'S TALKING TO JOHN A FEW MINUTES LATER...

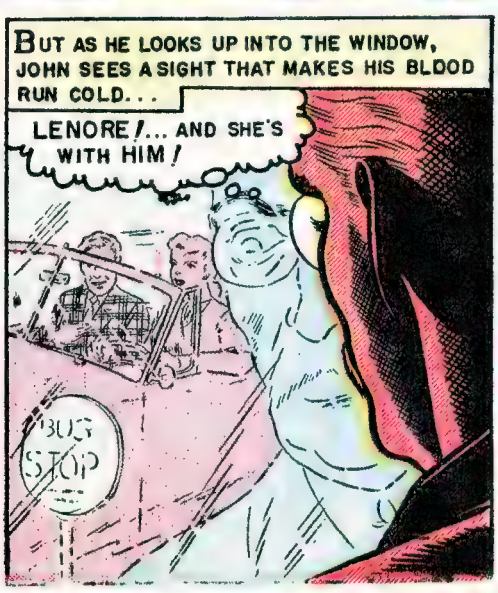

A HUNDRED DOLLARS! YOUNG MAN, YOU'RE IN THE WRONG PLACE! I CAN'T CONDUCT A FUNERAL FOR THAT PRICE! YOU'D BETTER...
JOHN, CAN'T YOU MAKE AN EXCEPTION? IT'S HIS MOTHER. PLEASE, JOHN.

FOR AN INSTANT A FLICKER OF JEALOUSY CROSSES JOHN'S EYES, BUT THEN...

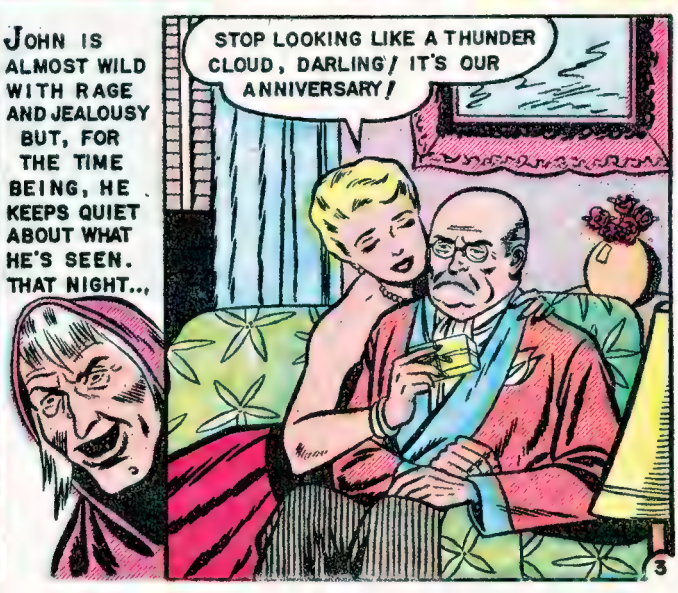
IT IS A FEW DAYS LATER, AND JOHN HAS TRIED TO PUSH THE THOUGHT OF RALPH LANG OUT OF HIS MIND, BUT... HEH... HEH...HEH... HE HASN'T BEEN TOO SUCCESSFUL!

SHE SEEMED SO FRIENDLY TOWARD HIM. I--I WONDER IF...GOT TO STOP THINKING ABOUT IT! IT'S OUR ANNIVERSARY TONIGHT. MAYBE I'LL GET HER A NEW FUR. SOMETHING...
BUS STOP
SALE

BUT AS HE LOOKS UP INTO THE WINDOW, JOHN SEES A SIGHT THAT MAKES HIS BLOOD RUN COLD...



JOHN IS ALMOST WILD WITH RAGE AND JEALOUSY BUT, FOR THE TIME BEING, HE KEEPS QUIET ABOUT WHAT HE'S SEEN. THAT NIGHT...



LENORE HANDS JOHN A PACKAGE AND WHEN HE OPENS IT HE FINDS...

"...TO MY DEAREST HUSBAND WITH ALL MY LOVE, LENORE"... THANK YOU, MY DEAR. IT'S VERY CHARMING.

I'M GOING TO MAKE US A DRINK. YOU SEEM DEPRESSED, JOHN.

WHY IS SHE ACTING SO SWEET? PROBABLY TRYING TO HIDE SOMETHING.

AS THE DAYS PASS JOHN IS LIKE A MAN OBSESSED. . . IS LENORE REALLY BEING UNFAITHFUL TO HIM?

I DON'T SEE ANY LETTERS FROM HIM. M—MAYBE I'M ALL WRONG. MAYBE SHE... WAIT A MINUTE, WHAT'S THIS?

SHE GAVE HIM $400! $400 FOR WHAT? THAT LOUSY LITTLE TWO-TIMER! I WAS RIGHT!

HOLLYWOOD BANK OF CALIF.

NO. 813 DATE 11/6/53

TO Ralphs

DESCRIPTION

AMOUNT OF CHECK $400.00

AMOUNT DEP. 2086.62

BALANCE 2046.62

PAY TO THE ORDER OF

MRS. J. PEIRSON

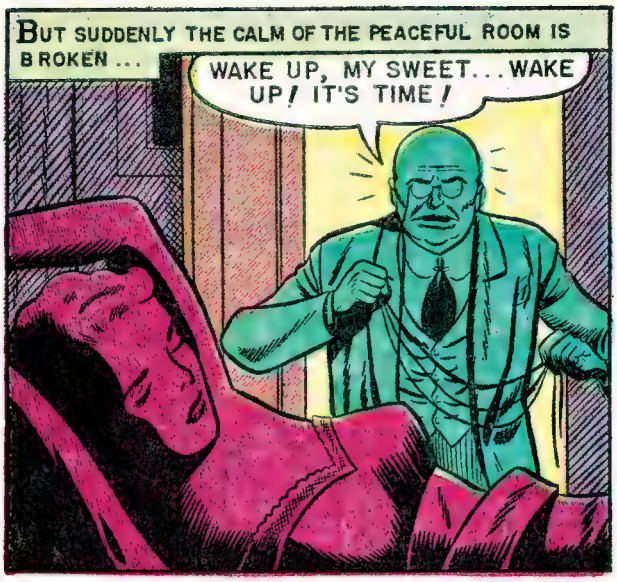
JOHN PACES AROUND LENORE'S ROOM LIKE A MADMAN ...AND, AS IF TO PROVE HIS SUSPICIONS, WHEN HE PEERS OUT OF THE WINDOW

SHE'S WITH HIM---PROBABLY THINKS I'M AT THE CREMATORIUM...OH, LENORE, YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS...PAY WITH YOUR LIFE!

HEH...HEH...HEH...THEY SAY THAT LOVE IS BUT A STEP FROM HATE. . .AND JOHN'S LOVE PROVES THE THEORY BY RAPIDLY TURNING INTO BURNING, RAGING HATRED!

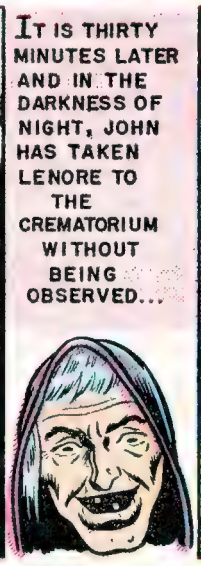
SO YOU FEEL HAPPY NOW, DO YOU, MY CHARMING WIFE? WELL, MY DEAR, TONIGHT, YOU'LL NOT BE FEELING ANYTHING!

IT IS NIGHT NOW IN THE PEIRSON HOME. AFTER A QUIET DINNER WITH HER HUSBAND, LENORE HAS RETIRED TO HER ROOM AND GONE TO BED.

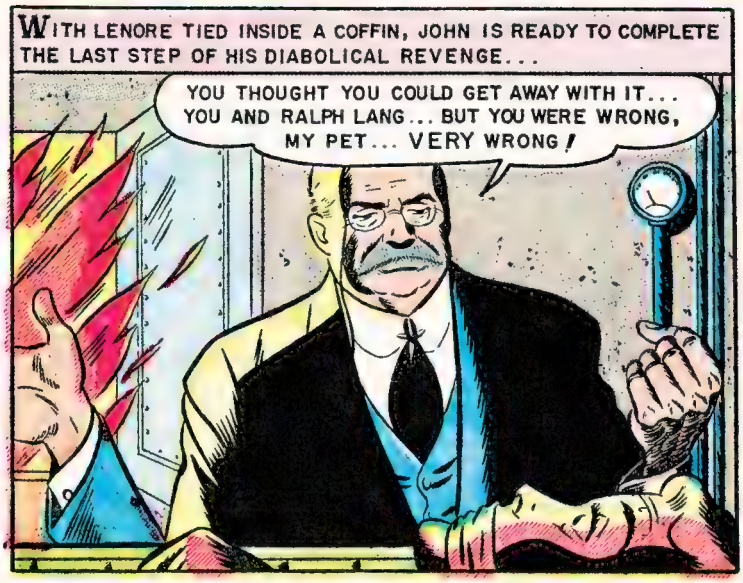

BUT SUDDENLY THE CALM OF THE PEACEFUL ROOM IS BROKEN ...
WAKE UP, MY SWEET... WAKE UP! IT'S TIME!

JOHN, FOR GOD'S SAKE, WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YOU DRUNK OR...
DRUNK? HAHAHAHAHA! NO, LENORE, I'M NOT DRUNK! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING... !NDEED, I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

ALTHOUGH JOHN IS 62, HIS STRENGTH HAS NOT WANED. LENORE'S STRUGGLES AND SCREAMS ARE IN VAIN...
JOHN, STOP IT! YOU'VE LOST YOUR MIND! LET ME GO!
NO, MY DEAR... YOU MUST HAVE LOST YOUR MIND TO THINK YOU FOOLED ME!


IT IS THIRTY MINUTES LATER AND IN THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT, JOHN HAS TAKEN LENORE TO THE CREMATORIUM WITHOUT BEING OBSERVED...

I CAN SEE BY YOUR EYES THAT YOU'RE PLEADING WITH ME... BUT IT'S TOO LATE, MY DEAR!


WITH LENORE TIED INSIDE A COFFIN, JOHN IS READY TO COMPLETE THE LAST STEP OF HIS DIABOLICAL REVENGE...
YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH IT... YOU AND RALPH LANG... BUT YOU WERE WRONG, MY PET... VERY WRONG!

NOW YOU'LL BURN FOR YOUR SINS!

HEH...HEH...HEH... JOHN WATCHES FROM AN OBSERVATION WINDOW AS THE FLAMES EAT HUNGRILY AT HIS WIFE...

H—HOW COULD YOU HAVE DONE IT TO ME, LENORE...I LOVED YOU SO AND Y—YOU DIDN'T CARE...ALL YOU WANTED WAS MY MONEY.

THE FLAMES DO THEIR WORK IN A MATTER OF SECONDS...UNTIL THE BODY OF LENORE PEIRSON IS NOTHING BUT ASHES... ASHES WHICH JOHN PLACES IN AN URN...

NOW YOU'RE MINE AGAIN, LENORE...YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE ME ... NEVER!

THE URN IS TAKEN HOME AND PLACED ON A SHELF IN JOHN'S SITTING ROOM . . .

SEE, MY SWEET, NOW YOU'RE BACK HOME. ISN'T IT PEACEFUL ...JUST YOU AND ME, TOGETHER!

JOHN TELLS EVERYONE THAT LENORE HAS GONE ON AN EXTENDED VACATION AND FOR A TIME, HE IS HAPPY AND CONTENT . . .

GOOD MORNING, LENORE DEAR... I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT A BUSY DAY AHEAD, I WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE YOU UNTIL LATE TONIGHT. TRY NOT TO BE TOO LONESOME WHILE I'M GONE!

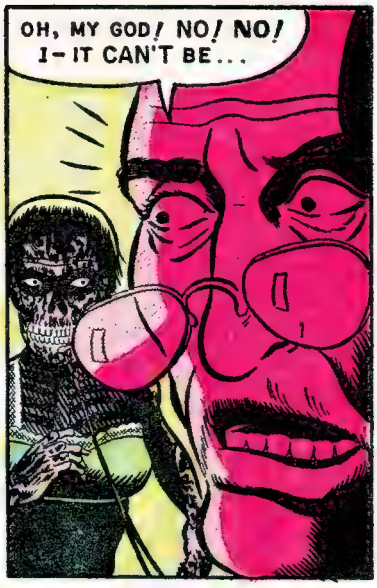
JOHN LEAVES AND THE ROOM IS SILENT...SILENT EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT STIRRING WITHIN THE IRON URN.

HEH...HEH...HEH... YES, THERE'S DEFINITELY MOVEMENT WITHIN THE URN...

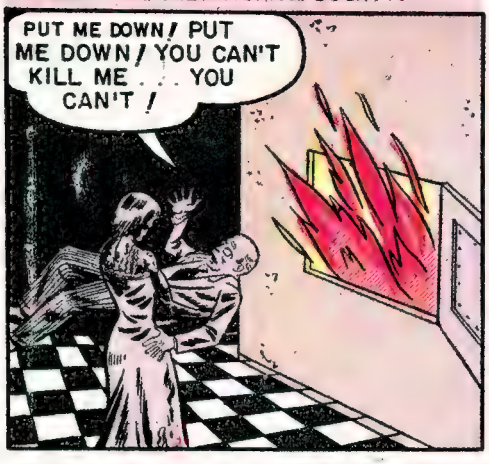
AND AN AGONIZING FEW MINUTES LATER...

HEH...HEH...HEH...EACH STEP IS TORTURE, BUT THE ROTTING, BURNED CREATURE MAKES ITS WAY PAINFULLY ACROSS TOWN UNTIL IT REACHES ITS DESTINATION. . .

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...



BUT, OH, YES, JOHN, IT CAN BE...AND IT IS! WITHOUT A WORD, AND AS IF YOU WERE WEIGHTLESS, SHE PICKS YOU UP AND WALKS TOWARD THE CREMATORIUM DOOR. . .



AND SO ENDS OUR TALE OF... WHAT? WHAT'S THAT YOU ASKED? OH, I SEE... YOU WANT TO KNOW IF LENORE WAS REALLY UNFAITHFUL? LET'S GO BACK TO THE CREMATORIUM TWO DAYS LATER...

IT'S A CHECK. SHE LOANED ME THE MONEY TO BRING MY WIFE OUT HERE FROM THE EAST! WONDERFUL WOMAN, MRS. PEIRSON—— JUST LIKE A MOTHER TO ME!
THE END

BREAK-UP!
ZANE! ZANE! CALL OFF YOUR ROBOTS! I MUST SEE YOU AT ONCE! LET GO OF ME, YOU MECHANICAL IDIOTS! LET ME GO!
ZANE DOES NOT WISH TO BE DISTURBED!
SORRY, MRS. LOMAX, BUT YOU MUST GO...OTHERWISE WE'LL HAVE TO USE FORCE!
THE LOMAX MARRIAGE HAD BEEN A SERIES OF SKIRMISHES AND PITCHED BATTLES, INTERRUPTED ONLY BY AN ARMED TRUCE, WHICH AT THE MOMENT WAS ABOUT TO BE BROKEN...
GOT TO GET BACK TO THE LAB, MARCIA! A FEW DETAILS I FORGOT TO CHECK, NEED ATTENTION!
BUT YOU PROMISED TO STAY HOME! ZANE, YOU'VE ALREADY SPENT TWELVE HOURS TODAY IN THAT SMELLY LAB! WHAT ABOUT ME? I NEED SOME ATTENTION TOO!
ZANE, WHY DO YOU TREAT ME LIKE THIS! I'VE GIVEN YOU EVERYTHING! YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN ME ANY PLACE IN MONTHS!
LET ME GO! NOT TONIGHT, MARCIA! MAYBE ANOTHER TIME! I'M TOO BUSY! WHY DON'T YOU FORGET IT! GO TO SLEEP!
1

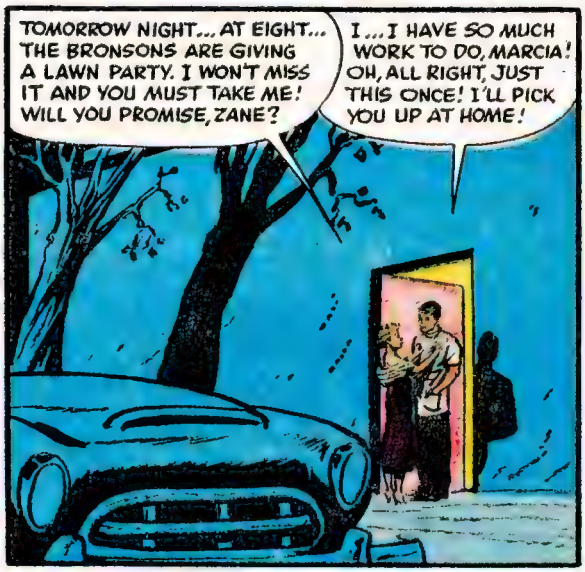
Tomb of Terror #15, May 1954. Artist: Jack Sparling. Publisher: Harvey.

BUT SLEEP WAS IMPOSSIBLE. MARCIA BROODED AND STORED UP A VIOLENT OUTBURST FOR THE MOMENT ZANE RETURNED...
THREE O'CLOCK! A FINE TIME TO COME HOME! I SIT HERE WAITING AND WAITING...ALL OUR MARRIED LIFE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
YOU'RE FOOLISH! NOBODY ASKED YOU TO WAIT UP!
LOOK AT ME! I'M NOT UNATTRACTIVE! WHAT KIND OF MAN DID I MARRY! I'VE SPENT THOUSANDS BUILDING A LAB FOR YOU AND FURNISHING EQUIPMENT! WHAT DO I GET IN RETURN? NOTHING! NOTHING!
SHUT UP, MARCIA! YOU'RE HYSTERICAL! I WON'T CHANGE MY WAY OF LIFE FOR ANYBODY! YOU GET YOUR CLAMMY HANDS OFF ME!
YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY! ZANE, ZANE, DON'T YOU CARE FOR ME AT ALL?
NO! AND WHAT'S MORE, I NEVER DID! I MARRIED YOU FOR YOUR MONEY! I NEEDED A LAB AND MATERIALS FOR RESEARCH. THAT'S THE BARGAIN I MADE AND I WANT TO KEEP IT THAT WAY!
HOW CAN YOU BE SO CRUEL! YOU'RE A BEAST...A BEAST! A HEARTLESS, INHUMAN MONSTER!
STOP THE HYSTERICS! I'M TIRED! LET'S GO TO BED!
THERE WAS NO RECONCILIATION, AND SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, WHEN ZANE HADN'T RETURNED FOR HIS USUAL MEALS...
I MUST KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING... WHAT KEEPS HIM HERE DAY AND NIGHT! MAYBE IT'S ANOTHER WOMAN!
LOMAX LABS INC.
YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT? HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU THAT...
I KNOW YOU WANT TO WORK UNDISTURBED, BUT SINCE I'M PAYING FOR THIS, I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHERE EIGHTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS HAVE GONE TO THIS PAST YEAR. I WANT AN ACCOUNTING!
THESE ARE MY MATERIALS... WHAT YOUR MONEY HAS BOUGHT...PLASTICS... STEEL...ACID BATHS... METAL DISSOLVERS... ELECTRICAL MACHINERY!
THIS IS FANTASTIC! WHAT EVER ARE YOU WORKING ON WITH ALL THESE COMPLICATED PARTS? IT LOOKS LIKE A DUMMY FACTORY!
2

AND THIS IS MY FINAL PRODUCT, MARCIA, A PERFECT HUMANOID... EXCEPT...
THE LIGHT... IT'S TOO GLARING! TURN IT OUT QUICKLY, PLEASE! IT HURTS MY EYES!

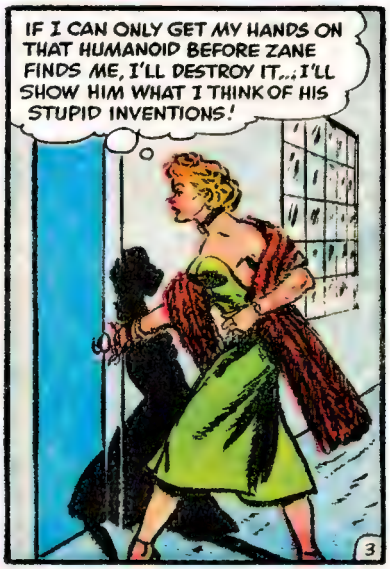
YOU NOTICE HIS REACTION TO THE LIGHT? THAT'S MY ONLY ERROR! I HAVEN'T PERFECTED HIS OPTIC RESPONSES! BUT HE HAS A FINE BRAIN AND EXCELLENT COORDINATION!
ZANE, IT... IT'S A PERFECT LIKENESS... AND IT SPEAKS! YOU MEAN YOU'VE SPENT ALL YOUR TIME AND MY MONEY MAKING A MECHANICAL MAN? HOW STUPID AND CHILDISH!

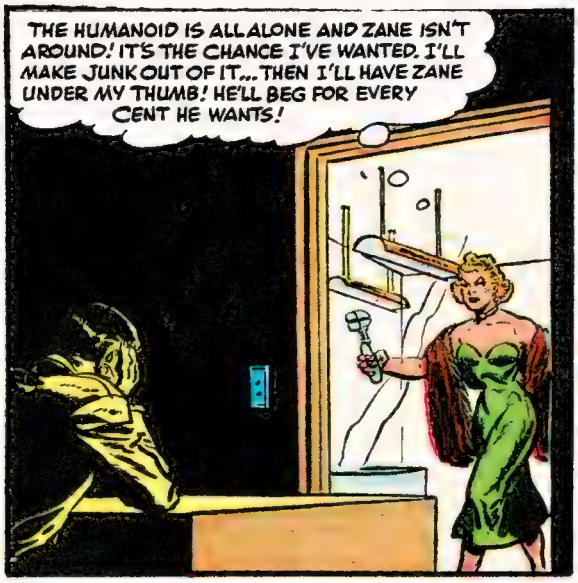
I COULD DO WORSE! WHEN MY HUMANOID IS PERFECTED, HIS SKILL AND BRAIN POWER WILL MAKE HIM INDISPENSIBLE TO EVERY LARGE BUSINESS ORGANIZATION IN THE COUNTRY. I WON'T HAVE TO DEPEND ON YOUR GRUDGING ALLOWANCES ANY MORE!
FOR ALL THE ATTENTION I GET FROM YOU, I MIGHT AS WELL BE MARRIED TO ONE OF THOSE DUMMIES! BUT, LISTEN, ZANE, DO ME ONE FAVOR!


TOMORROW NIGHT... AT EIGHT... THE BRONSONS ARE GIVING A LAWN PARTY. I WON'T MISS IT AND YOU MUST TAKE ME! WILL YOU PROMISE, ZANE?
I... I HAVE SO MUCH WORK TO DO, MARCIA! OH, ALL RIGHT, JUST THIS ONCE! I'LL PICK YOU UP AT HOME!

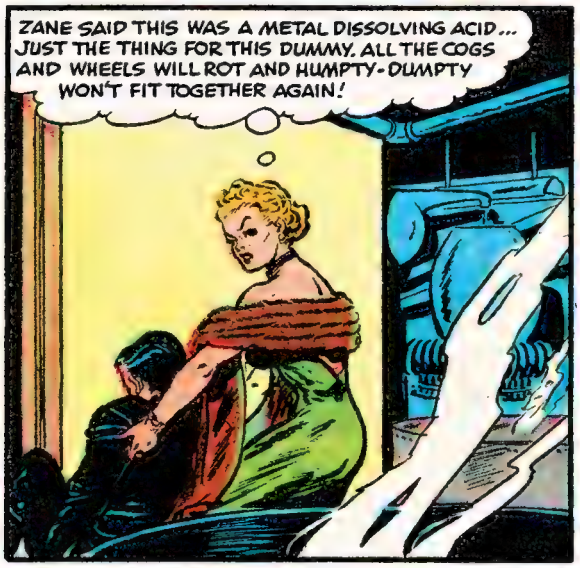
MARCIA WENT THROUGH THE NEXT DAY TRIUMPHANT, BUT AT THE SCHEDULED TIME THAT EVENING ZANE DID NOT SHOW UP...
I KNEW HE WOULD DISAPPOINT ME! THESE DUMMIES MEAN MORE TO HIM THAN I DO. BUT I WON'T GO TO THE PARTY ALONE... I WON'T! ZANE MUST TAKE ME! I'M GOING TO THE LAB!

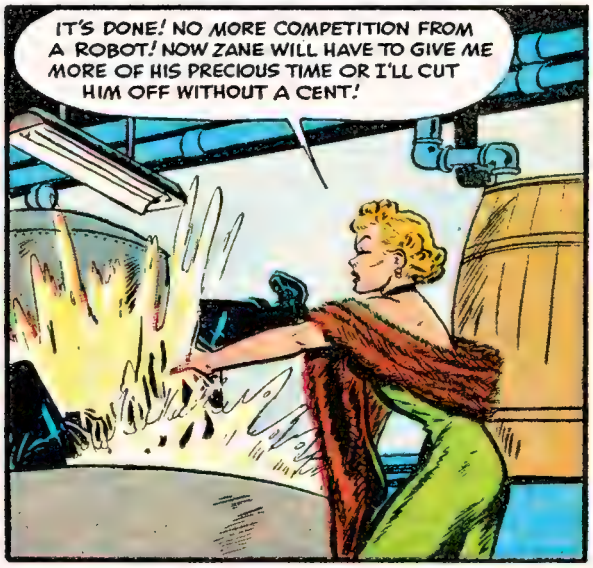
AS EACH MILE TO THE LAB CLICKED OFF, MARCIA'S FURY GREW...
THE COLD UNGRATEFUL BEAST... AFTER WHAT I'VE DONE FOR HIM, I HAVE TO CRAWL AND BEG TO BE TAKEN OUT! WHAT A LIFE... PLAYING SECOND FIDDLE TO SOME REVOLTING TOYS!

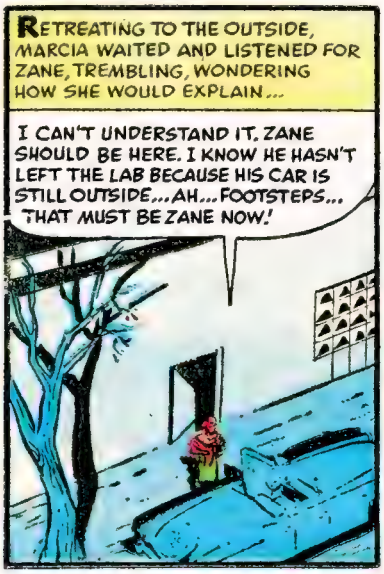

IF I CAN ONLY GET MY HANDS ON THAT HUMANOID BEFORE ZANE FINDS ME, I'LL DESTROY IT... I'LL SHOW HIM WHAT I THINK OF HIS STUPID INVENTIONS!


THE HUMANOID IS ALL ALONE AND ZANE ISN'T AROUND! IT'S THE CHANCE I'VE WANTED. I'LL MAKE JUNK OUT OF IT... THEN I'LL HAVE ZANE UNDER MY THUMB! HE'LL BEG FOR EVERY CENT HE WANTS!

WITH CAT LIKE CUNNING, MARCIA INCHED TOWARD THE UNSUSPECTING FIGURE. THEN, AS SHE CAME WITHIN STRIKING RANGE...


ZANE SAID THIS WAS A METAL DISSOLVING ACID... JUST THE THING FOR THIS DUMMY. ALL THE COGS AND WHEELS WILL ROT AND HUMPTY-DUMPTY WON'T FIT TOGETHER AGAIN!

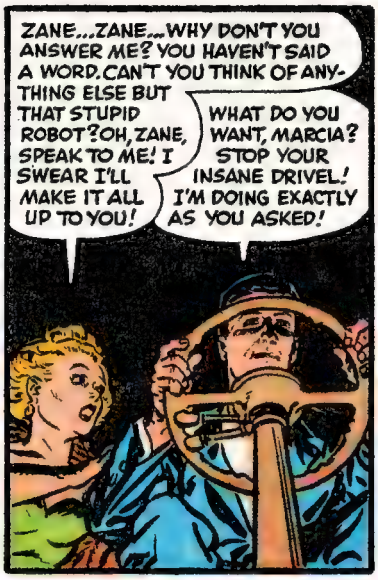

IT'S DONE! NO MORE COMPETITION FROM A ROBOT! NOW ZANE WILL HAVE TO GIVE ME MORE OF HIS PRECIOUS TIME OR I'LL CUT HIM OFF WITHOUT A CENT!


RETREATING TO THE OUTSIDE, MARCIA WAITED AND LISTENED FOR ZANE, TREMBLING, WONDERING HOW SHE WOULD EXPLAIN...
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. ZANE SHOULD BE HERE. I KNOW HE HASN'T LEFT THE LAB BECAUSE HIS CAR IS STILL OUTSIDE... AH... FOOTSTEPS... THAT MUST BE ZANE NOW!

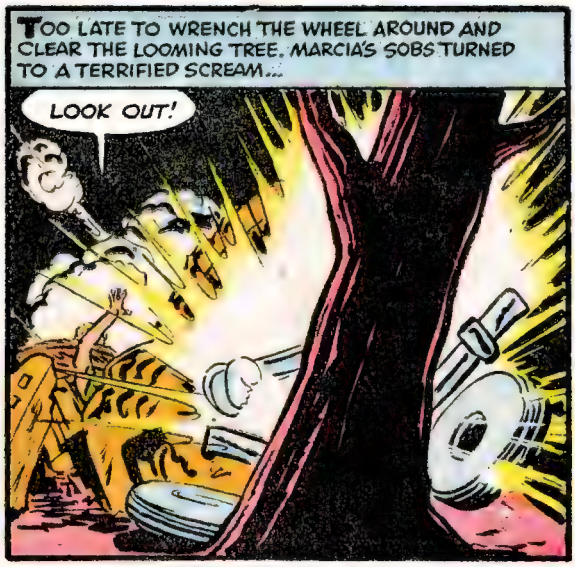
ZANE, ZANE, I CAN TELL FROM YOUR FACE THAT YOU KNOW! BUT I HAD TO DO IT... DON'T YOU SEE? I LOVE YOU, AND THE ROBOT PUT A WALL BETWEEN US! YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU, ZANE?

SINCE YOU STARTED WORK ON YOUR HUMANOID, YOU'VE BEEN A STRANGER TO ME. YOU NEVER HAD ANY TIME, YOU NEVER SPOKE... IT WAS A LIVING HELL, BEING MARRIED TO YOU! BUT THAT CAN BE CHANGED, CAN'T IT, ZANE? WE'RE STILL YOUNG!

MAKE A RIGHT TURN ON TO OLD COUNTRY ROAD! LIKE I SAID BEFORE, ZANE, THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT NOW. WE CAN START ALL OVER! WE'LL MAKE A TRIP...A LONG TRIP! IT WILL BE OUR SECOND HONEYMOON!


ZANE...ZANE...WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME? YOU HAVEN'T SAID A WORD. CAN'T YOU THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE BUT THAT STUPID ROBOT? OH, ZANE, SPEAK TO ME! I SWEAR I'LL MAKE IT ALL UP TO YOU!
WHAT DO YOU WANT, MARCIA? STOP YOUR INSANE DRIVEL! I'M DOING EXACTLY AS YOU ASKED!

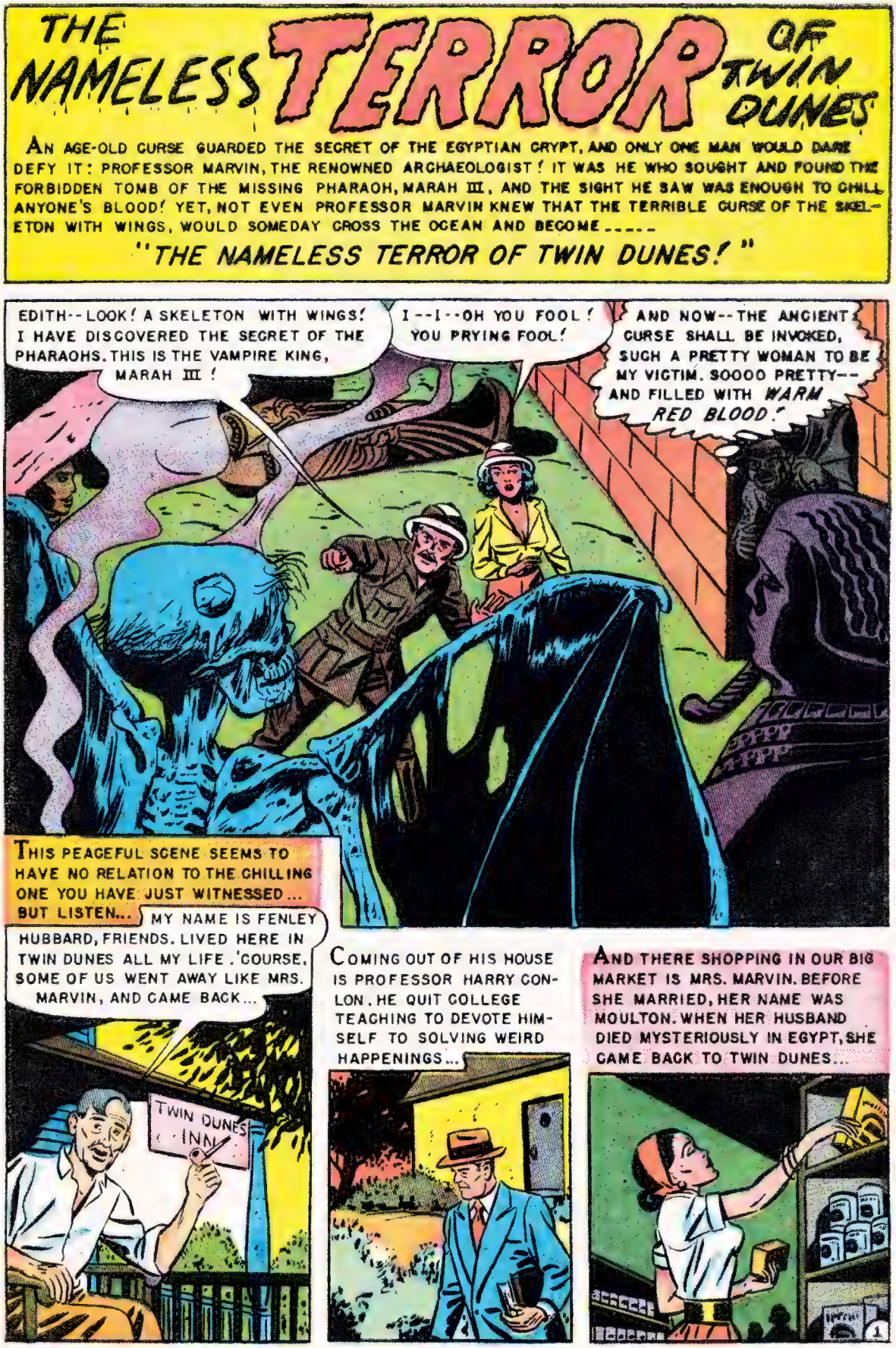
AS THEY ROUNDED THE LAST CURVE TO THE BRONSON ESTATE, MARCIA WAS CONVULSED WITH SOBS, HER EYES WERE TOO BLURRED WITH TEARS TO SEE THE POWERFUL BEAMS OF THE APPROACHING CAR...
THEN IT WILL NEVER BE ANY DIFFERENT... NEVER...! WE MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD!


TOO LATE TO WRENCH THE WHEEL AROUND AND CLEAR THE LOOMING TREE, MARCIA'S SOBS TURNED TO A TERRIFIED SCREAM...
LOOK OUT!

IT STOPPED THE TINKLING LAUGHTER DEAD ON THE BRONSON LAWN AND BROUGHT A RUSH OF FOOTSTEPS TO THE SCENE OF THE WRECK...
HELP! HELP ME UP! MY HUSBAND! I MUST SEE ZANE! HE'S TRAPPED, STILL IN THE CAR! HURRY!
MARCIA! IT'S MARCIA LOMAX! GOOD LORD, WHAT A WRECK!

CAN'T SEE A THING! SOMEBODY BRING A LIGHT!
IT WAS MY FAULT! I KEPT ON TALKING AND TALKING... I DISTRACTED HIM...AND HE WENT OFF THE ROAD!

WHEN THE POWERFUL BEAMS WERE TURNED ON THE DEATH CAR'S INTERIOR...
GREAT HEAVENS! IT... IT'S NOT ZANE AT ALL! IT'S A... THING!
THE END


THE NAMELESS TERROR OF TWIN DUNES
AN AGE-OLD CURSE GUARDED THE SECRET OF THE EGYPTIAN CRYPT, AND ONLY ONE MAN WOULD DARE DEFY IT: PROFESSOR MARVIN, THE RENOWNED ARCHAEOLOGIST! IT WAS HE WHO SOUGHT AND FOUND THE FORBIDDEN TOMB OF THE MISSING PHARAOH, MARAH III, AND THE SIGHT HE SAW WAS ENOUGH TO CHILL ANYONE'S BLOOD! YET, NOT EVEN PROFESSOR MARVIN KNEW THAT THE TERRIBLE CURSE OF THE SKELETON WITH WINGS, WOULD SOMEDAY CROSS THE OCEAN AND BECOME.....
"THE NAMELESS TERROR OF TWIN DUNES!"
EDITH--LOOK! A SKELETON WITH WINGS! I HAVE DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF THE PHARAOHS. THIS IS THE VAMPIRE KING, MARAH III!
I--I--OH YOU FOOL! YOU PRYING FOOL!
AND NOW--THE ANCIENT CURSE SHALL BE INVOKED, SUCH A PRETTY WOMAN TO BE MY VICTIM. SOOOO PRETTY--AND FILLED WITH WARM RED BLOOD!
THIS PEACEFUL SCENE SEEMS TO HAVE NO RELATION TO THE CHILLING ONE YOU HAVE JUST WITNESSED... BUT LISTEN...
MY NAME IS FENLEY HUBBARD, FRIENDS. LIVED HERE IN TWIN DUNES ALL MY LIFE. 'COURSE, SOME OF US WENT AWAY LIKE MRS. MARVIN, AND CAME BACK...
TWIN DUNES INN
COMING OUT OF HIS HOUSE IS PROFESSOR HARRY CONLON. HE QUIT COLLEGE TEACHING TO DEVOTE HIMSELF TO SOLVING WEIRD HAPPENINGS...
AND THERE SHOPPING IN OUR BIG MARKET IS MRS. MARVIN. BEFORE SHE MARRIED, HER NAME WAS MOULTON. WHEN HER HUSBAND DIED MYSTERIOUSLY IN EGYPT, SHE CAME BACK TO TWIN DUNES...

Dark Mysteries #15, June-July 1951. Artist: Bill Fraccio. Publisher: Master Comics.

WELL, MRS. MARVIN AND I HIT IT OFF RIGHT AWAY. BUT THE PROFESSOR, WELL, HE WAS DIFFERENT. HE WOULDN'T PLAY CARDS WITH US. HE'D JUST SIT...
YOU NEVER JOIN US, PROFESSOR CONLON. DON'T YOU LIKE CARDS?
NOT HIM, MRS. MARVIN. HE JUST LIKES TO SIT AND WATCH. SOMETIMES I THINK ALL HE DOES IS WATCH YOU.
MAYBE, FENLEY. BUT SHE IS A VERY REMARKABLE WOMAN.
WHY THAT'S A NICE COMPLIMENT, PROFESSOR. THE NICEST I'VE GOTTEN SINCE MY HUSBAND DIED.
ONE NIGHT THE PROFESSOR WAS DISCUSSING HIS FAVORITE SUBJECT... VAMPIRISM...
YES, FENLEY. THERE WAS AN OUTBREAK OF VAMPIRISM RIGHT HERE IN TWIN DUNES ONLY 200 YEARS AGO. SOMEONE NAMED ELIZABETH MOULTON WAS PUT TO DEATH WITH A STAKE THROUGH HER HEART. I--SHHH--HERE COMES MRS. MARVIN.
I'M SORRY. DID I INTERRUPT SOMETHING? PLEASE PROCEED. I'M A GOOD LISTENER.
I WAS JUST DISCUSSING VAMPIRES, MRS. MARVIN.
I DIDN'T REALIZE UNTIL MRS. MARVIN LEFT THAT THE PROFESSOR HAD MADE AN UNINTENTIONAL BLUNDER.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEN THAT IT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF THE HORROR THAT STRUCK TWIN DUNES. AFTER THAT NIGHT, MRS. MARVIN ALWAYS PHONED BEFORE SHE CAME OVER...
NONSENSE, THEY JUST DON'T EXIST.
ONLY TWO YEARS AGO AN ARCHAEOLOGIST DIED MYSTERIOUSLY IN EGYPT. ON HIS NECK WERE TWIN BITES!
WHAT A FOOL I AM! I FORGOT THAT THE ARCHAEOLOGIST WAS HER HUSBAND!
WELL, SHE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING, SO I GUESS YOU'RE FORGIVEN.
YOU'RE ALONE, FENLEY? WELL, I'LL BE OVER. I DIDN'T WANT TO INTRUDE IF THE PROFESSOR WAS VISITING.
2

IT WAS IN AUGUST THAT THE FIRST OF THE STRANGE, AWFUL THINGS HAPPENED. MY HANDY BOY AROUND THE HOTEL WAS STRICKEN.

'PEARS TO ME IT'S THOSE PESKY BLACK FLIES THAT HIT HERE EVERY YEAR, SECOND WEEK IN AUGUST, DOC. RAFE, HERE, HAS LOST A LOT OF BLOOD.

LOTS OF PEOPLE CAN'T TAKE THOSE BITES. I'LL LOOK IN AGAIN.

HAVING THE EVENING FREE, I DECIDED TO GO TO BED EARLY. IT WAS A LOVELY MOONLIT NIGHT AND THERE WAS NO THREAT OF THE HORROR TO COME AS I WENT TO SLEEP...

AS I SHUT EACH WINDOW, THIS NAMELESS HORROR FLOATED TO THEM. TRYING TO GET INSIDE, I CLOSED THE LAST ONE AND SANK TO THE FLOOR. IT WAS STILL THERE. IT'S FINGERS WERE CAUGHT...

I CAN'T STAND LOOKING AGAIN! OH---

BAM!

BUT AS THE DAYS WENT ON, RAFE GOT WEAKER. HE LOST MORE BLOOD. FINALLY, DR. ROSS CALLED ON PROFESSOR CONLON FOR ADVICE...

YOU WERE A PHYSIOLOGICAL PROFESSOR, HARRY. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HELP ME. RAFE'S WEAKER.

GLAD TO. I'LL CANCEL MY DATE WITH FENLEY.

BUT I COULDN'T SLEEP. SOMETHING IN MY SUB-CONSCIOUS SEEMED TO BE TRYING TO WARN ME OF DANGER. ONCE I CLOSED MY EYES, AND WHEN I OPENED THEM...

WHO...W-WHAT IS THAT...

I JUMPED OUT OF BED AND HURRIEDLY CLOSED THE WINDOW, FEARFUL IT MIGHT ENTER MY ROOM -- THIS HORRIBLE APPARITION FROM--???

THE WINDOWS--I MUST SHUT THEM ALL!

EARLY NEXT MORNING...

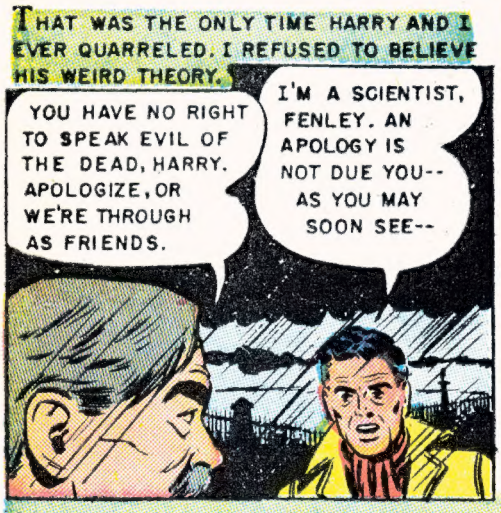
FENLEY! WHAT HAPPENED?

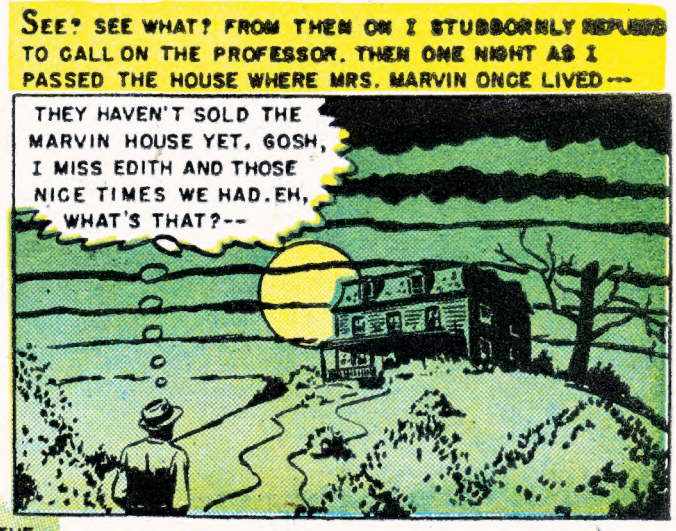
OH, WHAT A HORRIBLE DREAM. I IMAGINED I SAW SOMETHING TRYING TO FLY IN THROUGH MY WINDOWS.

IT WASN'T A DREAM FENLEY. DID THIS THING LOOK LIKE MRS. MARVIN?
COME TO THINK OF IT—YES. BUT NO! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
I WAS STILL CONVINCED IT WAS A NIGHTMARE. HOWEVER, I AGREED TO HELP GUARD MY HIRED BOY, IN HIS (HARRY'S) COTTAGE TO WHICH HE HAD BEEN REMOVED...
I FEEL MUCH STRONGER NOW. GEE, FENLEY, I DON'T NEED A GUARD!
THE PROFESSOR'S ORDERS AND I PROMISED TO HELP.
RAFE CONTINUED TO GET BETTER. THEN A FEW DAYS LATER...
WHY MRS. MARVIN, WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT SO EARLY?
I'VE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT RAFE. I THOUGHT I MIGHT SIT WITH HIM FOR AN HOUR.
SUDDENLY I NOTICED HER FINGERS WERE BANDAGED. I STOOD, SHOCKED!!
BUT THE PROFESSOR SAID...
I'M SURE HE WON'T MIND!
I CERTAINLY DO MIND!
SURELY, YOU DON'T OBJECT, PROFESSOR.
I DO-- AND YOU KNOW WHY! YOU ARE A...
MY BLOOD CHILLED AT THE CHANGE THAT CAME OVER MRS. MARVIN'S FACE. HER FACE TOOK ON A HORRIBLE LOOK AS SHE SUDDENLY TURNED AND FLED... AND...
MRS. MARVIN....LOOK OUT, THAT TRUCK!
4

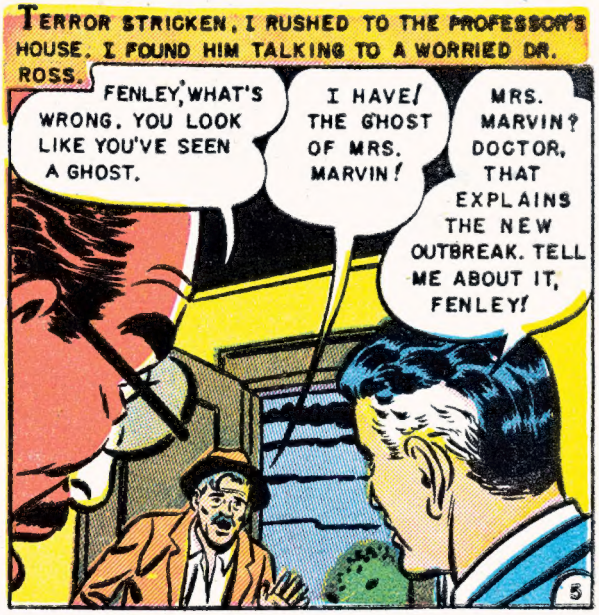
AND RAN FULL INTO THE PATH OF AN ONCOMING TRAILER TRUCK!
LADY, LOOK OUT! SHE RAN RIGHT INTO MY TRUCK! MISTER, YOU SAW IT!

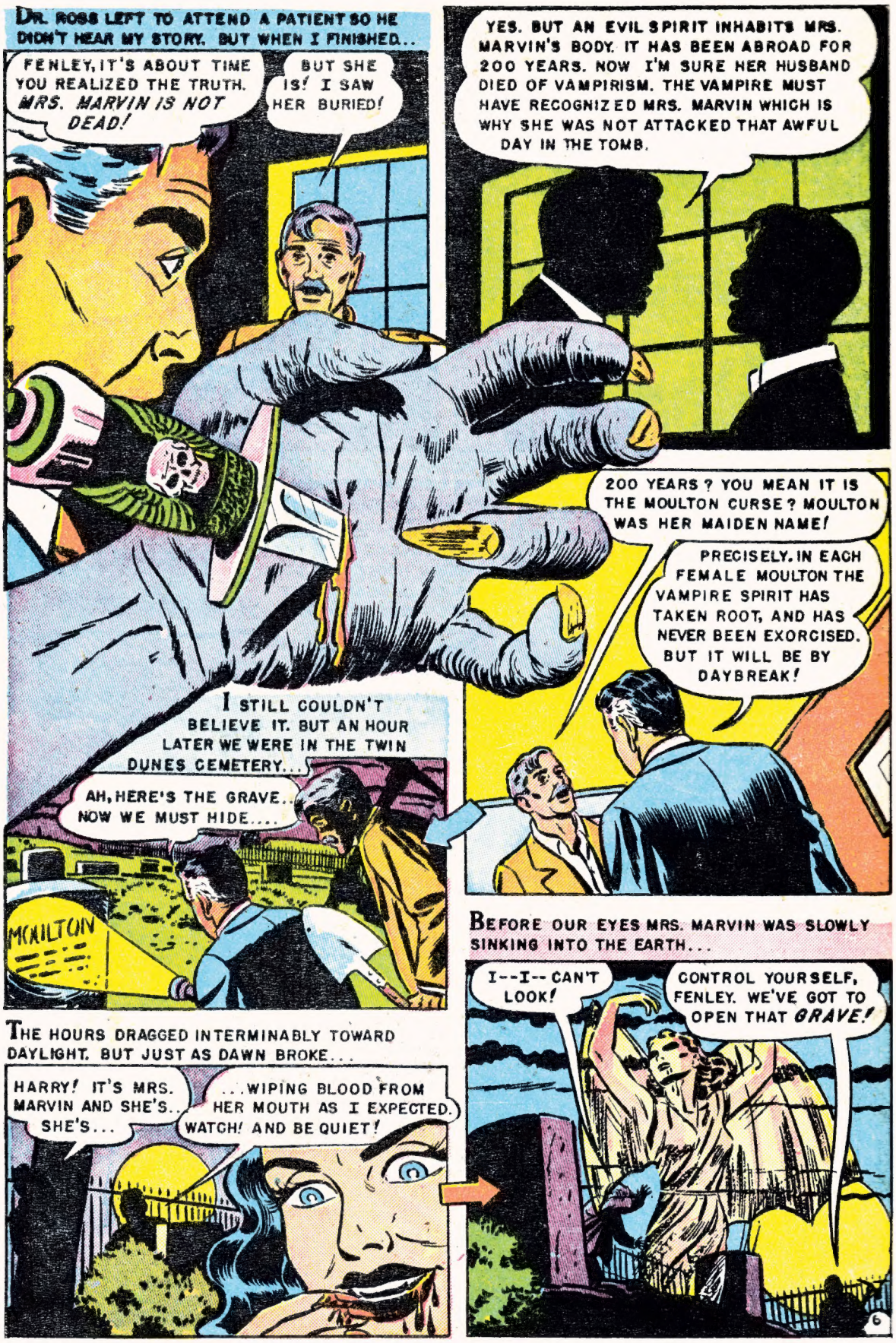
YES, I SAW IT! I ALSO SAW HER LAND TO REST A DAY LATER IN THE MOULTON FAMILY PLOT. I KNEW I HAD LOST A GOOD FRIEND.
WHY DID SHE RUN, HARRY? DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF MRS. MARVIN, FENLEY. SHE'LL RETURN.
JONE

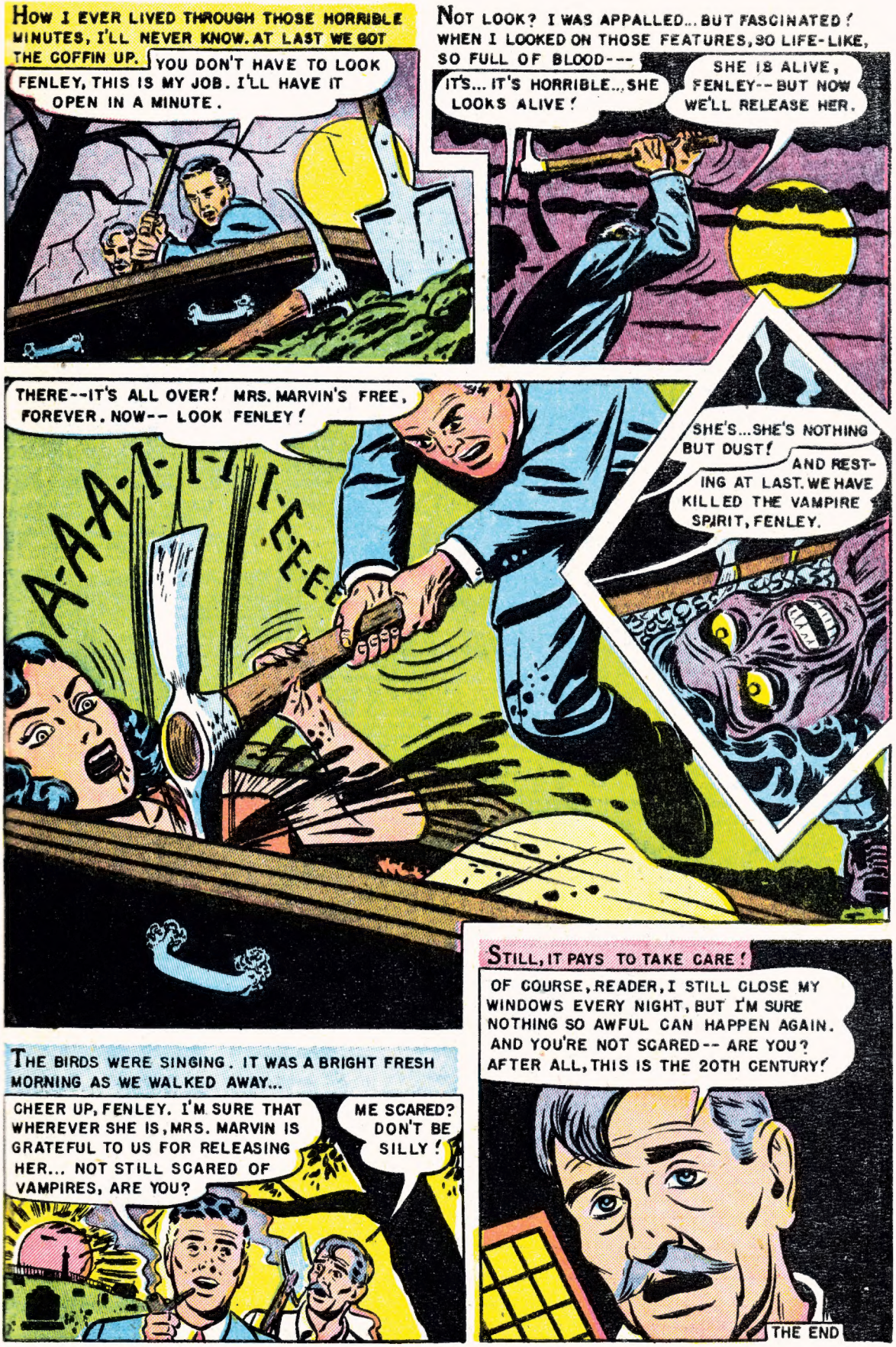

THAT WAS THE ONLY TIME HARRY AND I EVER QUARRELED. I REFUSED TO BELIEVE HIS WEIRD THEORY.
YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO SPEAK EVIL OF THE DEAD, HARRY. APOLOGIZE, OR WE'RE THROUGH AS FRIENDS.
I'M A SCIENTIST, FENLEY. AN APOLOGY IS NOT DUE YOU-- AS YOU MAY SOON SEE--


SEE? SEE WHAT? FROM THEN ON I STUBBORNLY REFUSED TO CALL ON THE PROFESSOR. THEN ONE NIGHT AS I PASSED THE HOUSE WHERE MRS. MARVIN ONCE LIVED---
THEY HAVEN'T SOLD THE MARVIN HOUSE YET, GOSH, I MISS EDITH AND THOSE NICE TIMES WE HAD. EH, WHAT'S THAT?--

MY BLOOD FROZE. FOR, SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DARK SHADOWS CAME---
MRS. MARVIN! BUT--IT--IT CAN'T BE. SHE'S DEAD.


TERROR STRICKEN, I RUSHED TO THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE. I FOUND HIM TALKING TO A WORRIED DR. ROSS.
FENLEY, WHAT'S WRONG. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST.
I HAVE! THE GHOST OF MRS. MARVIN!
MRS. MARVIN? DOCTOR, THAT EXPLAINS THE NEW OUTBREAK. TELL ME ABOUT IT, FENLEY!
5


DR. ROSS LEFT TO ATTEND A PATIENT SO HE DIDN'T HEAR MY STORY. BUT WHEN I FINISHED...
FENLEY, IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU REALIZED THE TRUTH. MRS. MARVIN IS NOT DEAD!
BUT SHE IS! I SAW HER BURIED!
YES. BUT AN EVIL SPIRIT INHABITS MRS. MARVIN'S BODY. IT HAS BEEN ABROAD FOR 200 YEARS. NOW I'M SURE HER HUSBAND DIED OF VAMPIRISM. THE VAMPIRE MUST HAVE RECOGNIZED MRS. MARVIN WHICH IS WHY SHE WAS NOT ATTACKED THAT AWFUL DAY IN THE TOMB.
200 YEARS? YOU MEAN IT IS THE MOULTON CURSE? MOULTON WAS HER MAIDEN NAME!
PRECISELY. IN EACH FEMALE MOULTON THE VAMPIRE SPIRIT HAS TAKEN ROOT, AND HAS NEVER BEEN EXORCISED. BUT IT WILL BE BY DAYBREAK!
I STILL COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. BUT AN HOUR LATER WE WERE IN THE TWIN DUNES CEMETERY...
AH, HERE'S THE GRAVE.. NOW WE MUST HIDE....
MOULTON
BEFORE OUR EYES MRS. MARVIN WAS SLOWLY SINKING INTO THE EARTH...
I--I-- CAN'T LOOK!
CONTROL YOURSELF, FENLEY. WE'VE GOT TO OPEN THAT GRAVE!
THE HOURS DRAGGED INTERMINABLY TOWARD DAYLIGHT. BUT JUST AS DAWN BROKE...
HARRY! IT'S MRS. MARVIN AND SHE'S.. SHE'S...
...WIPING BLOOD FROM HER MOUTH AS I EXPECTED. WATCH! AND BE QUIET!
6


HOW I EVER LIVED THROUGH THOSE HORRIBLE MINUTES, I'LL NEVER KNOW. AT LAST WE GOT THE COFFIN UP.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK FENLEY, THIS IS MY JOB. I'LL HAVE IT OPEN IN A MINUTE.
NOT LOOK? I WAS APPALLED... BUT FASCINATED! WHEN I LOOKED ON THOSE FEATURES, SO LIFE-LIKE, SO FULL OF BLOOD---
IT'S... IT'S HORRIBLE... SHE LOOKS ALIVE!
SHE IS ALIVE, FENLEY--BUT NOW WE'LL RELEASE HER.
THERE--IT'S ALL OVER! MRS. MARVIN'S FREE, FOREVER. NOW-- LOOK FENLEY!
A-A-A-I-I-I-E-E-E
SHE'S... SHE'S NOTHING BUT DUST!
AND RESTING AT LAST. WE HAVE KILLED THE VAMPIRE SPIRIT, FENLEY.
THE BIRDS WERE SINGING. IT WAS A BRIGHT FRESH MORNING AS WE WALKED AWAY...
CHEER UP, FENLEY. I'M SURE THAT WHEREVER SHE IS, MRS. MARVIN IS GRATEFUL TO US FOR RELEASING HER... NOT STILL SCARED OF VAMPIRES, ARE YOU?
ME SCARED? DON'T BE SILLY!
STILL, IT PAYS TO TAKE CARE!
OF COURSE, READER, I STILL CLOSE MY WINDOWS EVERY NIGHT, BUT I'M SURE NOTHING SO AWFUL CAN HAPPEN AGAIN. AND YOU'RE NOT SCARED-- ARE YOU? AFTER ALL, THIS IS THE 20TH CENTURY!
THE END